

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXIII.

APRIL, 1925

NO. 4



BELLE CHASSE, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, LA.

. This old plantation home of Judah P. Benjamin, successively Attorney General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State, C. S. A., has been dedicated as a memorial to Louisiana's illustrious adopted son. It was here that he spent some of his most active and useful years before the War between the States, and where he became an authority in the making of sugar from Louisiana cane. An association has been formed for the restoration of this old home, the membership made up from the Confederate organizations and other citizens of the State, but it will not be confined to the State, as the whole South will wish to join in the memorial to one who gave his brilliant talents to the service of the Confederacy. (See page 124.)

New Edition**ECHOES FROM DIXIE**

(Old-Time Southern Songs)

*Compiled by Mrs. Hampden Osborne, Leader of the Confederate
Choir of America, and Edited by Matthew Page Andrews
Compiler of the "Dixie Book of Days"*

ECHOES FROM DIXIE is the only book published that contains the words and music of "Jine the Cavalry," the rollicking and well-known song of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. It also contains Songs of Home and Country, Songs of Sentiment, Songs of the Plantation, with the favorite hymns of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

The genuineness of this volume is also testified by the following quotation from the review of a Chicago magazine: "Why keep on printing the 'secesh' words of 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' for instance? . . . There have been loyal versions of that song. Isn't it as well to let the other kind die?"

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SPECIAL QUANTITY RATES TO U. D. G. CHAPTERS**Noble & Noble, Publishers, 76 Fifth Avenue, New York City****SUCCESSORS TO LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE****LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER.**

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Stonewall Brigade Comrades: If you are coming to the reunion, let me hear and I will find homes for you.—W. MINOR SWANN, 5829 Tremont Street, Dallas, Tex.

If there are any surviving members of Company E, 50th Tennessee Regiment, who knew Joshua E. Mize, they will please communicate with his son, H. H. Mize, of Cadiz, Ky.

K. T. Eason, Adjutant Dick Dowling Camp, U. C. V., Houston, Tex., would like to hear from any surviving members of Company E, 8th Georgia Infantry, Anderson's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. Address him at 644 Arlington Street, Houston, Tex.

**CONFEDERATED STATES
STAMPS BOUGHT**

Highest prices paid. Write me what you have. Also U. S. used before 1870. Do not remove them from the envelopes, as I pay more for them on the envelopes. Write me to-day.

**GEO. H. HAKES,
290 Broadway, New York City.**

Confederate Veteran.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
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VOL. XXXIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1925.

No. 4.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

FOR RESTORATION OF ARLINGTON.

JOINT RESOLUTION IN CONGRESS AUTHORIZING THE RESOTARATION OF THE LEE MANSION IN THE ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY, VIRGINIA, PASSED WITHOUT A DISSENTING VOTE, FEBRUARY, 1925.

Whereas the era of internecine strife among the States having yielded to one of better understanding, of common loyalty, and of a more perfect Union; and whereas now honor is accorded Robert E. Lee as one of the great military leaders of history, whose exalted character, noble life, and eminent services are recognized and esteemed, and whose manly attributes of precept and example were compelling factors in cementing the American people in bonds of patriotic devotion and action against common external enemies in the war with Spain and in the World War, thus consummating the hope of a reunited country that would again swell the chorus of the Union; therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed, as nearly as may be practicable, to restore the Lee Mansion in the Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia, to the condition in which it existed immediately prior to the Civil War and to procure, if possible, articles of furniture and equipment which were then in the mansion and in use by the occupants thereof. He is also authorized, in his discretion, to procure replicas of the furniture and other articles in use in the mansion during the period mentioned, with a view to restoring, as far as may be practicable, the appearance of the interior of the mansion to the condition of its occupancy by the Lee family.

Passed the House of Representatives January 21, 1925.

Attest: WILLIAM TYLER PAGE, Clerk.

Senator Swanson, of Virginia, worked hard for this bill, and to him and to Senator Pepper, senior Senator from Pennsylvania, is due credit for its passage by the Senate, and it went through without a dissenting vote. An interesting work will be in helping to locate the old furnishings, but no definite plans have yet been made in that direction.

REUNION NOTES.

The latest report from Dallas about reunion arrangements is that the Executive Committee has been appointed, with Col. J. T. Trezevant as General Chairman. Other members are: Hon. Louis Blaylock, Capt. W. H. Gaston, J. C. Duke, Nathan Adams, George Waverley Briggs, Vice Chairmen; Mrs. J. C. Muse and Mrs. J. F. Self, Honorary Vice Chairmen; J. B. Adou, Treasurer; Herbert Carpenter, Executive Secretary.

Colonel Trezevant is a native of Tennessee and a citizen of Texas for more than fifty years, a veteran of four years' service in the Confederate army; was wounded at Shiloh. He is one of the builders of the city of Dallas and a leader in civic, social, and commercial affairs for the public welfare.

Other committees so far appointed and their chairmen are as follows: Finance, W. D. Jones; Housing, F. E. Moran and W. H. Stratton; Reservations, M. J. Norrell; Music, D. L. Whittle; Information and Registration, W. H. Hitzelberger; Military Affairs, Maj. Deshler Whiting; Speakers, Tom Finty, Jr.; Program, Elmer Scott.

The Adolphus Hotel is official headquarters for the reunion.

ATTENTION, VETERANS!

We are making arrangements to give an outing for two weeks and to pay the expenses of travel, going and coming, to a limited number of Confederate veterans at The Wharton Grove Camp Ground, located in Lancaster County, Va. This letter is written with the hope that you may give it free publication and ask other papers to copy. Any old Confederate veteran, or his widow, not able to pay for a two-week rest and recreation will, as far as our accommodations permit, be received for two weeks' time.

The camp has been open for thirty-two years. There is every advantage of a good and healthful time, and as our list is filling up rapidly, I should be glad to extend the invitation far and wide.

Anyone wishing to apply will kindly address the undersigned at 224 West Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Md., and a blank application will be sent at once.

HENRY M. WHARTON, Chaplain General U. C. V.

Other Southern papers please copy.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, C. S. A.

In presenting a picture of the old plantation home of Judah P. Benjamin as its frontispiece this month, it is appropriate that the VETERAN make some reference to this outstanding figure among those who gave their time, talents, and fortunes for the establishment of the Southern Confederacy. While one of the most brilliant, yet practical, minds of the Confederate cabinet, he has never received due recognition of the service he rendered.

It was on the island of St. Thomas, August 6, 1811, that Judah Philip Benjamin first saw the light, and he was still a little boy when his parents came to the United States, settling at Charleston, S. C. The family was so poor that some of the children were sent to relatives at Fayetteville, N. C., and at the academy there Judah was known for his diligence as a student. He entered Yale College in 1825 at the age of fourteen—but his poverty forced his withdrawal two years later. In 1828, he went to New Orleans, and there began his independent career as a tutor, later on taking up the study of law, which he had chosen as a profession. In December, 1832, when but little more than twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, and shortly thereafter married Miss Natalie St. Martin, whom he had tutored in English and by whom he had been well instructed in French. He entered politics in 1842, and was elected to the Louisiana legislature. He was a member of the Louisiana constitutional conventions of 1844-45, in both of which he did good service.

In 1846, Mr. Benjamin was forced to seek rest because of threatened blindness, consequent on having for so long overtaxed his physical powers, and he retired to his plantation on the Mississippi, seven miles below New Orleans. During his life there he turned his energies toward the production of sugar from the Louisiana cane, and contributed many noteworthy articles on the subject to one of the leading magazines of the South, which form a most interesting chapter in the history of American sugar. But when his crop was ruined by a Mississippi flood, and a friend failed to meet a note which he had indorsed, he was forced to give up this home and turn elsewhere to rebuild his shattered fortune. He again took up the practice of law, and in a few short years had recovered from his financial losses. In 1852 he was elected to the State Senate of Louisiana, and the same year to the United States Senate, in which he took his seat on March 4, 1853. He was a forceful speaker in that body, especially when Southern affairs were under discussion, and became noted for his skill and eloquence in debate. He was reelected in 1859, and was one of the Southern Senators who withdrew after secession, his speech of farewell being an eloquent effort of February 4, 1861.

Soon after that he went to Montgomery, Ala., the temporary capital of the Confederacy, and President Davis appointed him Attorney General in his cabinet, his legal training and ability, as well as his capacity for work, fitting him admirably for this position. Later on he was given the portfolio of War, and in March, 1862, was made Secretary of State, and so served to the end.

After the last parting with Mr. Davis, he made his way to the Florida coast, and from there, in an open boat, made a voyage of six hundred miles to the Bahamas, and thence to Southampton, England, in August, 1865.

In England he had to begin life anew, his fortune all gone, and at the age of fifty-four he began the study of English law, making a support meanwhile by writing articles on international law. Within a year he was admitted to the English bar, and his career thereafter was a brilliant success. In

1872, six years after beginning his practice there, he was made Queen's Counsel, the highest attainment in great Britain.

At the age of sixty-five, in writing to a friend, he said he thought that to work from ten in the morning to seven at night was not excessive labor. When on the verge of seventy, his step was as firm and elastic as it had every been, and at seventy he wrote: "I still keep up my old jog trot."

Mr. Benjamin kept actively at work as a lawyer until the close of 1882, when he retired. During the next year he went to Paris, where he died May 6, 1884, and was buried in the famous cemetery of Pere la Chaise. His life is a brilliant example of success over the handicaps of poverty and misfortune, and how, in late middle life, he began anew to carve his way to fame and fortune.

NOW THAT I'M NINETY-ONE.

BY J. C. PITCHFORD, CANTON, MISS.

The birthday bells are ringing loud,
In glad and joyous tone;
To me they bring a solemn sound
Ninety-One! Ninety-One!

God has given me length of days,
My race is nearly run;
I cannot ask for still more time
Now that I'm ninety-one.

The world has been most kind to me,
I've had my share of fun;
I hope I did my share of good
Ere I was ninety-one.

For now I'm old and blind and gray,
My task is nearly done;
There's not much work a man can do
When he is ninety-one.

While on the battle field I lay,
Bleeding beside my gun,
I never thought I'd see the day
When I was ninety-one.

'Tis strange that I have lived so long,
My comrades all are gone;
But God knows best, I'll know the rest
Beyond my ninety-one.

There still must be some work for me,
Some duty yet undone.
Show me, O Lord, for I am now
Already ninety-one.

Ring on, old bells; ring loud and clear;
My jubilee will come—
Indeed I feel 'tis almost here
At mile post ninety-one.

May all who love grant me a sigh,
A tear I claim from none;
The world owes me nothing for my
Fourscore-ten-and-one.

January 26, 1925.

ONE OF THE OLDEST CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

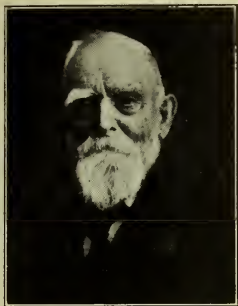
One of those patriotic Marylanders who left home to take up arms for the South was Thomas H. White, of Hagerstown, now ninety-three years old. Home ties were binding, but in 1862 he felt the call of the South so great that he left family and all earthly possessions to respond to the need of his brothers in gray. He was made a first lieutenant in Col. E. V. White's Battalion of Cavalry, and was soon sent back through Maryland in charge of the advance guard of Jackson's Division. After the fighting at Antietam had begun, Colonel White's command was sent back to Leesburg, Va., where they routed the Federals, who were attacking the town, took their artillery, and drove them toward Washington.

While making a desperate charge during the battle, Colonel White was wounded accidentally by one of the disabled Confederates who had been staying at Leesburg to recuperate. Lieutenant White was riding by his side (they were first cousins and brothers-in-law), and caught him as he was falling, and brought him out alive, though severely wounded. He was taken to a house near by, but as there was danger of capture, a wagon was procured and Colonel White was taken within the lines and nursed until he could move comfortably.

It was after this that General Lee called for some one for special duty, and when Colonel White asked Lieutenant White about taking the place, the latter said: "I came here to help the South. If I can do more good there, I am willing." In this special capacity, he was sent almost anywhere, into Maryland many times, and he succeeded in getting a map of the fortifications of Washington, which his wife's sister, Ann Virginia Gott, carried to Leesburg and there delivered to the Confederate authorities. She afterwards married Benjamin J. Jones, who also belonged to Colonel White's Cavalry. Thomas White served under General Lee until the war closed; he was never paroled, but just came home after all was quiet again. His farm had been occupied by the Federals a long time, and it was literally torn to pieces, fences burned, etc. He went back to farming until 1898, when he and his wife moved into Hagerstown. The accompanying picture was taken on his ninety-third birthday. His vitality and strength are most remarkable for one of his age.

Comrade White has been married twice, his first wife, Mary Ellen Gott, the eldest of seven children, and his second wife, Laura R. Gott, being the youngest. Seven sons and a daughter were born of the first marriage, and there are four sons and a daughter still living.

The VETERAN goes to his home regularly, and he is still an interested reader.



THOMAS H. WHITE.

A NORTHERNER'S TRIBUTE TO LEE.

In sending the following tribute to General Lee by a Northern man, Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore, refers to this as "a ray of bright idealism," and adds: There are many men and women in the North who appreciate the genius and character of the leaders of the embattled South, and these Americans are individually and collectively carrying on in the spirit of my friend, the late Charles Francis Adams. Recently at the tomb of General Lee, at Lexington, Va., Mr. Edgar J. Rich, of Boston, said: "I conceive that as the years pass he will hold a place in the hearts of the people of this country, North and South, equal to that held by any American. It will not be because of his marvelous military skill, great as it was, greater than that of any soldier between Napoleon and Foch, a skill which was worth 100,000 troops to the gallant Army of Northern Virginia. It will not be because of his achievements. It will be because of the grandeur and sublimity of his character. Never throughout his life was a single act influenced in the slightest degree by self-interest. Can this be said of any man in history since Jesus of Nazareth gave his life on the cross? When clouds gather and conflict is near, he, a colonel of cavalry, is offered the command of the army of the United States. The greatest prize of a soldier's ambition is within his reach. He intensely loves the Union, in whose service he has won distinction. He knows only too well that in the end the North, with its unlimited resources must prevail. But Virginia, his beloved Virginia, is about to secede. His first loyalty is to the State. At West Point he was taught that a State had the right to withdraw from the Union without being in rebellion. When the State withdraws it is his duty to go with it. He declines the offer and resigns from the army. Then followed four terrible years, during which he inflicted far greater losses than he suffered. But whether in victory or in defeat, his great qualities of mind and soul shone forth resplendent. If victory was his, the praise was given to others; if defeat came, through failure of his subordinates, he accepted the responsibility. The end of strife comes. His first message is to his dear people of the South, for whom his heart bleeds: 'Henceforth conduct yourselves as true and loyal Americans.' His property has been swept away. Offers of all kinds come to him. We can imagine with what scorn he declined the offer of the presidency of an insurance company at a salary of \$30,000 a year when told that the company did not expect him to perform any service, but merely to give the use of his name. Then comes the offer of the presidency of Washington College with a salary of \$1,500 a year. This he accepts, hoping that he may be of some service to the young men of the South in the up-building of Christian character and in impressing upon them the duty of loyalty to the united country. We of the North ask that we may share in reverence the memories of his sublime soul; and as an earnest of that wish, we place this wreath upon the sepulcher which holds his mortal remains."

HELPED TO RESTORE THE NAME.

The late Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone was largely responsible for the restoration of the name of Jefferson Davis to the Cabin John Bridge at Washington, erected during the time he was Secretary of War under President Franklin Pierce. In a letter to Mrs. Stone, under date of March 2, 1909, Gen. Luke E. Wright, then Secretary of War under President Roosevelt, wrote: "I can quite understand your feelings of gratification at the successful result of your efforts to have the name of Mr. Davis restored to the Cabin John Bridge. At the same time, I beg to thank you for your kindly expressions with reference to the President and myself."

NEARING THE CENTURY MARK.—One of the oldest of Confederate veterans is Simon Rothschild, who lives at 39 West Twenty-Seventh Street, New York City, and who recently celebrated his ninety-eighth anniversary. It is not known what command he served with.

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MARIE E. REDDY.

A mellow Southern day
Flooded with sunshine,
The spring green everywhere,
And flowers abundant!

In the quiet streets
And shaded parks,
The laurel luxuriantly
Perfumes the air.
And men in gray coats
Are greeted with smiles,
Smiles that are born
In adoration and pride.
Amid arches and flags
Of red, white, and blue
The men of "61"
Now gallantly pass.

Yes, warriors in gray,
Your smile on parade
Is a challenge and prayer
To the throngs on the way.
O, men in gray coats,
Your names are blessed,
And carved in the stone
Of a mountain shall live.

BEAUTIFYING BEAUVOIR

A special work for some Confederate organization—undoubtedly the Daughters of the Confederacy—might be the beautifying of the place where President Davis spent his last years and where he wrote his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." This should be one of the show places of the South, of the country, and it could be made a place of beauty and distinctive as a type of the old Southern home. "Beauvoir" means handsome or fine view, and the place was so named because of the fine view of the sea from the premises. It should also present a fine view from the sea or the seaside. The mansion should be restored as it was when Mr. Davis lived there, with such of the furnishings of that time as could be recovered or procured, such as has been done for the Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson, near Nashville, Tenn., or what is to be done for Arlington, the home of General Lee. Landscape attention should be given to the outside, with green sward and flower beds and slightly walks. Any additional buildings erected should be placed in the background, so that the mansion shall ever have the place of a jewel in appropriate setting.

Beauvoir is a sacred place, sacred as the refuge of him who gave all for the South, sacred as the home of those who defended the South. The time has come to consider it when no longer so needed, and plans should be made for its restoration to the old beauty and dignity. A suggestion on this line has already been made to the local U. D. C. through the press of that section, and the organization generally will be interested in this work. It will be remembered that the Sons of Confederate Veterans purchased the place from Mrs. Davis, and later allowed it to be converted into a Confederate Home under State control.

ONE OF THE OFFICERS AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

The publication of the list of names from the war-time autograph album belonging to R. V. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., is still bringing responses from the families of some of those officers imprisoned on Johnson's Island in 1864. The latest reported is from Mrs. Edward Pelham McGehee, of Lake Village, Ark., who writes that this list, as republished in the *Arkansas Gazette*, was noticed by her father, Capt. James McMurry, now living at Lima Landing, Ark. He is eighty-seven years old and as active as a man of fifty. He is still wonderfully interested in everything, and likes to hear from his Confederate comrades, especially those with whom he shared the privations of prison life. He has always been a student, and teaches in the Presbyterian Sunday school at Lake Village.

Referring to the date of that list of prisoners, January 1, 1864, Captain McMurry says: "A day I can never forget, because of the hardships suffered by the prisoners on account of the intense cold, the thermometer registering twenty degrees below zero on that day. Gen. W. N. R. Beall commanded a brigade of Arkansans composed of the 15th, 16th, and 23rd Arkansas Infantry and 1st Arkansas Battalion. Capt. Beall Hempstead was adjutant; Capt. John B. Fellows, inspector and aid de camp. James McMurry, captain and A. I. M., 23rd Arkansas Infantry. We were messmates in a room on the second story, Block 2, in the prison on Johnson's Island for many months. These were all the Arkansans on General Beall's staff. He and Beall Hempstead came from Little Rock; John R. Fellows from Camden; James McMurry from Lake Village. I have my oath of allegiance subscribed and sworn to, June 12, 1865, with my description below: 'The above named has ruddy complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and is five feet eleven inches.'"

AFTER SIXTY YEARS.—A leather-and-brass bound Episcopal prayer book, originally owned by the mother of C. H. Mapp, of Meridian, Miss., has lately been recovered by the latter. His mother was Miss Ella C. Scott, of Milledgeville, Ga., and this prayer book was taken from her home by Capt. Paul Colston, a Federal officer, during Sherman's march through that section. The book was returned to Mr. Mapp by H. C. Hopkins, of Campbell, N. Y., a nephew of Captain Colston. He first wrote to the postmaster inquiring about the family of Miss Scott, whose name was on the fly leaf of the book. Even Bibles were not safe during that march.

A REAL HERO.—During the disastrous fire at the Beauvoir Confederate Home, at Biloxi, Miss., in which several lives were lost, a negro attendant at the Home, Albert Clark, did heroic work in carrying out women inmates of the hospital, which was next to the burning building, and also rescued the wife of one of the veterans who was lost; and he was willing to go again into the burning building, and wept that he was prevented from risking his life in that way. Albert Clark deserves to be classed among the heroes of the year and rewarded accordingly.

"The glories of our blood and State
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings.

Scepter and crown
Must tumble down
And, in the dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

GEN. THOMAS D. OSBORNE, U. C. V.

Thomas Decourcy Osborne, Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., died at Belton, Tex., February 16, 1925.

He was the son of Lee Byrd and Ann Elvira (Fox) Osborne, born near Owenton, Owen County, Ky., November 8, 1844.



GEN. THOMAS D. OSBORNE, U. C. V.

His paternal grandfather, Bennett Osborne, served as lieutenant in the Revolutionary army. In 1846 the family removed to Louisville, and in 1859, to Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he attended Union University. When the War between the States began, the University closed, and he went to Manchester, Tenn., and enlisted in Company A, 6th Kentucky Infantry (Orphan Brigade).

At Dallas, Ga., he was shot down and left severely wounded on the field; was honorably retired at Augusta, Ga.

General Osborne was a member of the Baptist Church, and identified with its work locally and throughout the Southern Baptist Convention. No patriotic or civic cause ever called on him in vain. He was a gifted newspaper editor and writer, and his pen was wielded vigorously in behalf of any worthy cause.

In 1870 he was married to Miss Christine Charlotte Ray who, with four daughters, seven grandchildren, and one sister, survives him. His daughters are Mrs. William B. McGarity and Mrs. Agnes O. Urwick, of Belton, Tex.; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Louisville, Ky.; and Mrs. Charles Humphrey Bauer, of New York City.

General Osborne was a member of the George B. Eastin Camp, No. 803 U. C. V., and life secretary of the Orphan Brigade. The building of a suitable memorial to President Jefferson Davis was suggested by S. A. Cunningham, then editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who was a guest of the brigade at its reunion in Glasgow, Ky., in 1908. General Osborne was a member of the first committee appointed, and the only one of the two then living to be present at the unveiling at Fairview last June, when he was one of the speakers on the program.

The funeral was held at the Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky., conducted by Dr. E. Y. Mullins, President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, assisted by Dr. A. T. Robertson.

THE BATTLE NEAR DEEP BOTTOM, VA.

BY J. W. LOKEY, BYARS, OKLA.

On August 16, 1864, the Federals, having been reinforced by troops moved from the south side of the James River, attacked our breastworks near Deep Bottom, Va., driving us out of the trenches and about four hundred yards back. Seeing reinforcements coming up, our forces rallied and, with the aid of these fresh troops, drove the enemy back and recaptured our works. As we were going into this fight, we met General Lee and staff coming out. Notwithstanding that bullets were whistling through the trees, the General was riding in a walk and seemed perfectly indifferent to danger.

Just as we got into the breastworks, Private Swinson, of my company (Company B, 20th Georgia Regiment), jumped on the breastworks, saying: "Come on, boys." These were the last words he ever spoke, as he fell mortally wounded. During this fight I heard only one cannon shot. The shell from it came over the breastworks near me and struck one man on the head, scattering his brains on several men near him. The same shell cut another man's arm off between his shoulder and elbow, knocking him down. These men belonged to a different command.

As there were only three of our regimental stretcher bearers present, Captain Mitchell, of my company, asked me to help take Swinson to the rear. We carried him some distance before we found an ambulance, in which we placed him. I never saw him again, as he died that night.

In passing through the woods on our way back, a wounded Yankee called to me to give him some water. He was lying on his canteen, which had water in it, and I got it out and gave him a drink, then placed his knapsack under his head. He was very grateful, thanking me several times, and said if he ever got well he was going to write his wife how well I had treated him; he also said this was the first fight he had been in, and that he had been told if he ever fell into the hands of the Rebs they would kill him. I told him that we were not savages, and we never hurt a prisoner: that later on we would have men looking after the wounded, and I had to hurry on back to the front.

I heard that we had a brigadier general killed in this fight, but have forgotten his name; was told that he was a very brave officer and the youngest brigadier in the army at that time.

As this battle was fought mostly in the woods, I could see but little of it. I would like for some one to write of it for the VETERAN, giving particulars of the fight, troops engaged, and the losses on both sides.

I think General Lee was satisfied that this was a feint movement on the part of the enemy to cause him to move some of his troops to the north side of the James River. This was the last time I ever saw General Lee, though I was at the surrender at Appomattox.

AN AIRPLANE OF THE SIXTIES.

In the latter part of 1864, while in camp below Richmond, on the north side of the James River, a man, seeming to be about sixty years old, dressed in citizen's clothes, came to the camp with the object of interesting us in a flying machine on which he had been working for twenty years. He

made a speech, describing how a bird could ascend, sail, and descend, and said his machine when completed would be in the shape of a very large bird, capable of carrying a small engine, a man, and several shells. As soon as he had completed it, he wanted to sail over the Yankee camps some dark night, blow fire out of the mouth of this monster bird, and from a trapdoor drop shells in the Yankee camps, and thus stampede the Yankee army. With this monster bird, he could sink every Yankee gunboat on the James River.

He told us that his trouble in completing the machine was shortness of funds. He asked for a contribution, and several of the boys gave him from five to twenty-five dollars. I didn't have any money to give, but I was very anxious to see that man stampede the Yankee army.

GALLANT SOUTH CAROLINA BRIGADE.

BY B. F. BROWN, AUGUSTA, GA.

In Judge John Purifoy's article in the February VETERAN, under title of "The Myth of the Confederate Hollow Square at Gettysburg," he pays splendid tribute to McGowan's South Carolina Brigade, so skillfully and courageously commanded by Col. Abner Perrin, of the 14th South Carolina Infantry. This is the first I ever heard of that "Myth," but as a survivor of the battle of Gettysburg and McGowan's Brigade, I desire to thank Judge Purifoy for these words of high praise:

"But what shall be said of Col. Abner Perrin and the brave men constituting his heroic brigade? Colonel Perrin's maneuvering and the achievements of his brave men, after they passed Heth's leg-weary troops, bare of ammunition, partook of the spectacular, as they pressed from point to point and forced the stubborn enemy to relinquish his hold. Colonel Perrin plainly showed he was a soldier of sagacity and courage. Can the grand qualities displayed by this gallant South Carolinian and his equally gallant men be pictured in language too strong? His achievements on that date marked him as a man of valor and a soldier with the capacity of knowing what to do in battle, doing it in the face of a storm of death-dealing monsters filling the air by which he was surrounded and adding their discordant and raucous din to the fearful thunder of artillery and roll of musketry. Terrible as is war, it yet displays the spiritual grandeur of man daring to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—death."

The men detected, before they fired a gun on that memorable day, that in Colonel Perrin they had a commander of mettle and capacity.

Judge Purifoy concludes his article by saying that "Colonel Perrin was promptly promoted to brigadier general, but early in the following campaign his brilliant career was cut short. This occurred at The Bloody Angle, Spotsylvania Courthouse, on the 12th of May, 1864." He says he "participated in nearly all the great battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, and the one fought on the 12th of May, 1864 (The Bloody Angle), appeared to be the most desperate and protracted of any he ever engaged in. It began at dawn and continued without intermission until after midnight. For at least fourteen hours the din was incessant, and many brave in both armies yielded their life blood."

General McGowan was in command of his brigade in the battle of the 12th of May, and what follows is taken from his official report to Maj. J. A. Englehard, Assistant Adjutant General, Wilcox's Light Division. Omitting his account of the operations after the Wilderness up to the morning of the 12th of May, the report reads: "In getting into this trench, we had to pass through a terrific fire. The brigade found in the

trenches General Harris and what remained of his gallant brigade, and they—Mississippians and Carolinians mingled together—made one of the most gallant and stubborn defenses recorded in history. These two brigades remained there holding our line without reinforcements, food, water, or rest, under a storm of balls which did not intermit one instant of time for eighteen hours. The trenches on the right of The Bloody Angle ran with blood and had to be cleared of the dead bodies more than once. To give some idea of the intensity of the fire, an oak tree, twenty inches in diameter, which stood just in the rear of the brigade, was cut down by the constant scaling of musket balls and fell about 12 o'clock Thursday night, injuring by its fall several soldiers of the 1st South Carolina Regiment.

"The brigades mentioned held their position from ten o'clock Thursday morning until four o'clock Friday morning, when they were withdrawn. The loss in my brigade was very heavy, especially in killed. Our men lay on one side of the breastworks and the enemy on the other, and in many instances the men were pulled over."

That tells the story of the desperate and protracted character of the battle of The Bloody Angle. I was one of the several soldiers of the 1st South Carolina Regiment injured by the oak tree when it fell. The injury to me was not serious, but it drew a little blood, which was more than the bullets did. Such was the impression made on me by my personal experience with that tree that I returned to and examined it the day after the battle. When within a few steps of it, I picked up on the field a piece of cotton twine, with which I took the actual circumference of the stump at the break about five feet from the ground. It measured sixty-three inches. I still have it as a memento of those awful eighteen hours. The stump is preserved in the United States National Museum, Washington, D.C. Attached to it is a card bearing the following inscription:

"BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE, MAY 12, 1864.

"Section of an oak which stood inside the Confederate entrenchments near Spotsylvania Courthouse. It was cut down by musket balls during the attempt to recapture the works previously carried by the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, May 12, 1864.

"Presented to the Ordnance Museum by Brevet Major General N. A. Miles, commanding First Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac, and transferred to the United States National Museum in 1888."

I visited the museum on June 2 and 11, 1917, during the Confederate reunion in Washington.

THE LITTLE BRONZE CROSS.

BY MILLARD CROWDUS.

The boys who wore the gray,
Their ranks are thin to-day,
The rearguard of that valiant host,
Whose deeds are Dixie's proudest boast.

You know them when you meet,
And how your heart does beat—
How proud it gleams upon his breast,
The tiny cross of Dixie's best!

Salute! He wore the Gray!
He fought, a soldier's way!
Serene in honor, brave in loss—
A Soldier with the Southern Cross!

A VIEW OF RUTLEDGE'S "LINCOLN: A SOUTHERN VIEW."

BY A. H. JENNINGS, HISTORIAN IN CHIEF, S. C. V.

A distinct contribution to wholesome Lincoln literature is afforded by Archibald Rutledge's "Lincoln: A Southern View" as published in the January number of *The Reviewer*, of Chapel Hill, N. C. Mr. Rutledge presents what he terms a "Southern View," which stimulates the wish that it could likewise be truly entitled a "National View," for it is sane, restrained, and lacking in both rancor and the silly adulation of the myriad Lincoln worshipers. "The first difficulty I encountered," says Mr. Rutledge, "was an obstacle reared by those who, well meaning but unwise, have attempted to replace a Great Man by a Great Tradition. Of all the lives of Lincoln I have read (and I have missed very few) Herndon's really seems the best, the best because it is the most intimate, the most Boswellian, the least pretentious. In it I see Lincoln as he really was, chewing tobacco, singing ribald snatches, telling stories that 'would have made Quintilian stare and gasp?' I see him rugged, uncouth, unrefined in appearance, speech, thought, or behavior; but tender-hearted, big, gasping the fundamentals, human, and appealing."

In some of his allusions, Rutledge leans far toward kindness. Without the sustaining body of his article, one might fear he, too, had drunk at the gushing fountain of propaganda and that he, too, was under the shadow of the "Lincoln Myth." "After the death of Calhoun, the South had no statesman who could rival him," yet statesmanship is one of the few things which the apotheosis has not twined, laurel-like, about him. "Slowly the South is coming to a measure of appreciating of Lincoln," but this does not mean or should not mean that the South is accepting the override meat of the "myth" or is becoming reconciled to the panegyrics of the apotheosis. The multitude of the deceived and propagandized in the South is very great; their voice is as the sound of many waters; yet when we say "the South" we mean that which is South and of and in the South, and this element has always known and seen Lincoln, and their vision is largely that of the pre-mythical and pre-deified Lincoln, the opinion and viewpoint which prevailed when there was no occasion and no thought whatever of the later apotheosis. Mr. Rutledge strikingly points out that Lincoln must be judged by some of the outstanding points of his career, points which are too often ignored in the general chorus of praise. One of these points, which in saner days will be a measuring rod and a weighing scale, refers to the treatment of the Confederate Commissioners who went to Washington in the winter of 1861:

"Mr. Lincoln's behavior at this time was characterized by an astuteness that was all the more formidable because it was hidden behind a cloak of placid good will. He did not refuse to see them (the Commissioners), but referred them to Secretary Seward. Seward assured them that Fort Sumter would not be visited save by peaceful vessels; Lincoln permitted this impression to prevail, though he was at the moment secretly dispatching, with the peaceful Federal vessels, the most powerful warship in the American navy, the *Powhatan*. This move might have been astute, but it led to the conviction and to the charge by the Confederates that they had been betrayed; and I do not see how history, impartially written, can escape the vindication of their opinions. *Such astuteness, at variance as it is with the highest sense of honor, the South does not now appreciate, and it is not likely ever to esteem.*" [Italics mine.]

This point impresses Rutledge apparently more than any

single item of the Lincoln career; he makes it largely the base for the quiet but terrific indictment drawn later.

Another peak performance which is pointed out as one of the inevitable later measuring rods in the Emancipation Proclamation:

"The South has always considered this, and, as long as she adheres to the truth, presumably always will consider it, a gesture toward peace, the offer of terms. Elsewhere the proclamation was received in a variety of ways; by Whittier and others of his meager comprehension of the true situation, with delight; by many as a concession of defeat; by still others as a great humanitarian document. This last impression has been made for many years to prevail; and out of it has come the spurious works of art presenting Lincoln as the Great Emancipator. To me there is nothing so ludicrous as a statue of Lincoln fondling negro children with one hand and striking off shackles with the other. Even the most venial and smattering student of history must know that for the negro Lincoln had no special love. Assuredly the Emancipation Proclamation is, in some respects, the least humanitarian of any state paper in history. The truth of such a claim is readily apprehended as soon as the facts are known. In his first inaugural, Lincoln had made a deliberate voluntary promise that he would never interfere with the institution of slavery. Every one knows that during the first two years the South had the advantage in a military sense—the war had almost been won. In the North it was unpopular—something had to be done. Then came the Proclamation. It proposed that the South return to the Union with slavery intact. If the South did not return to the Union within a hundred days, the slaves within the seceding States would be freed. No mention was made of the slaves of those States still in the Union. If the President had power to confiscate property in Virginia, which was out of the Union, had he less power in Maryland, which was within the Union? It was clearly designed not to benefit the slaves, but to destroy the resistance of the South."

Mr. Rutledge then goes on to draw attention to the sinister threat of a servile insurrection which the proclamation carried, what Miss Tarbell called "the dagger poised behind the South." It was really war on women and children, for the men of the South were at the front. "The horror of a freedman's uprising would strike at defenseless homes. It was not thus that Lee and Jackson made war. Possibly I feel too strongly about this aspect of the affair; yet it is an aspect that must be considered by the careful student of history." Thus gently does Mr. Rutledge dismiss this most sinister purpose of Lincoln's whole career, a purpose totally at variance with the idea of a "great heart," so popularly depicted as Lincoln's chief characteristic. What "brooding love," what "great heart" would or could subject helpless women and children of his own race to the horror of the rapine and murder and incendiaryism of a black uprising, examples of which at that period were not so far from view?

Now comes the very dreadful, yet unescapable, indictment which Mr. Rutledge lays at the door of Lincoln's faithlessness toward the South and the lack of confidence in his integrity which his words and acts had inspired. For it was by this feeling toward Lincoln, which the South inevitably held, that a turn toward peace, at the Proclamation gesture of Lincoln, was made impossible. "Had the South accepted the President's offer, it would have returned to the Union victorious, and with its economic system intact. But the South was in no mood to compromise. She felt she was fighting invading armies. Her temper was stern. Her forces were triumphant. But there was a deeper reason why the mediation offered in the Proclamation was not acceptable to the South. I hope

I can explain this without giving offense to anyone. The South did not wish to deal with the Federal power because it feared treachery. Was not the Proclamation itself a direct repudiation of the promises regarding slavery that had been made in the first inaugural? The South felt that the mask which had long effected a disguise was off at last."

This indictment, based upon the sternest of facts, is obliged to meet the serious contemplation of the real writers of history, the men who shall later supersede the idol makers and write of the real Lincoln.

The "View" lays considerable stress upon the Cooper Union speech, more than necessary, it might seem. For while it shows how this speech, now listed among the "classics" required for college study, was a matter of fact not at all the speech Lincoln delivered at Cooper Union, it does not mention the more famous Gettysburg oration, which likewise was scarcely the oration as it is now known. It is admitted that the address as made fell flat, was a distinct anticlimax to the occasion, and scarcely a newspaper of the Union spoke of it with any favor. Its principal sentence about "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" was "lifted" almost bodily from Webster, who was a model Lincoln studied deeply, and Webster is said to have taken it from Walpole.

Speaking of the fulsome laudations of Lincoln now the fashion, Mr. Rutledge says: "It is hard for me and for the South to believe that the set attitude toward Lincoln nowadays is the result of sincere belief, understanding, and affection. Lincoln is recommended by teachers and preachers as a model, indeed I am seldom certain, after a vague effusion of preliminary praise, *whether the speaker is going to mention Lincoln or Christ.*" [Italics mine.] The "View" says most entrancingly: "There is no denying the fact that exterior roughness is no earnest of noble and generous sentiments; and we of America, champions, presumably, of democracy, have certainly thought too little of the cleansing power of long inheritance. Of what worth are education and culture if we are more truly proud of a product of the soil than we are of a product of our own planning and our labor? The South has always held faith in the power of heritage, of breeding and culture, to make for character and conduct, believing that honor and integrity, noble sentiments and generous dealing, sensitive perceptions and candor of thinking—these can be and often are the fruit of culture. It has generally been the fashion in this country to damn aristocrats heartily; yet it was conceived by aristocrats—and to aristocrats we have always looked for genuine guidance—to Washington and the Adamses, to Madison and Calhoun, to Roosevelt and Wilson. If culture is contaminating, as the canonizers of President Lincoln would have us believe, vain is the march of civilization. The South feels, and with justice, that culture, heritage, everything North or South which Lincoln did not possess, is designedly sunk into insignificance in order that a character possessed of other qualities may be elevated."

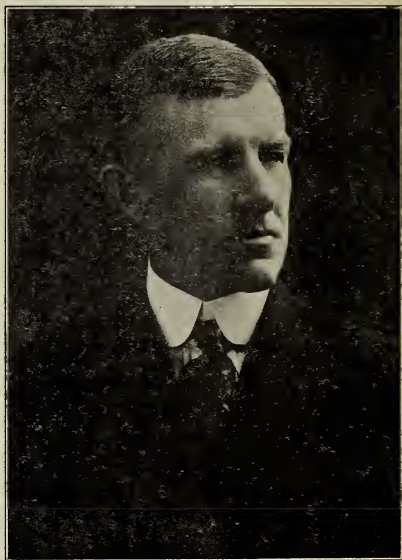
Mr. Rutledge says: "The South feels that many of the real facts concerning the momentous period of the Civil War have been suppressed; she feels that the textbooks of history do not present the whole truth. The South wonders whither candor has fled." Not only does the South "feel" that history is untruthfully presented and largely distorted, but she *knows* it, and can and does *prove* it. Textbooks are not the only offenders; moving pictures and the very words and utterances of our own writers and speakers likewise offend truth.

The closing of the "View" is as follows: "The fabulous figure of a heroic mold fashioned by the panegyrists and the writers of textbooks must give place to a more genuinely real figure. Southerners are, we hope, a generous-hearted people.

Their present view of Lincoln is, I think, the one just stated; moreover, they feel that he possesses, and especially since his pitiable and lamentable death, a certain alien grandeur, a certain appealing, lonely sadness, a certain melancholy attraction and solitary charm." Well—we *are* generous hearted and, being generous hearted, we may think that—I shall not dispute it here in this review.

A GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT.

This whole country was recently stirred by the tragedy at Sand Cave, Ky., and the heroic efforts of volunteer workers to rescue the adventurous victim. The outstanding figure in this engineering work was H. T. Carmichael, superintendent



HENRY ST. G. T. CARMICHAEL.

and resident engineer of the Kentucky Rock Asphalt Company, located near Sand Cave, who directed the sinking of the shaft and encouraged his brave and unselfish workers in the hopeless task. The world honors these men, and the South is proud of them as men who gave of themselves unsparingly in behalf of another. "Greater love hath no man than this"—

The VETERAN is proud to present a picture of the leader in this work, Henry St. George Tucker Carmichael, as a son of the South. His father, John Carmichael, and an uncle were cadets at the Virginia Military Institute and fought with the corps at New Market. In the War with Spain, his father was with the U.S. Engineering Corps. His maternal grandfather, John Randolph Tucker, was Attorney General of Virginia during the War between the States, and his uncle, Harry St. George Tucker, has been Congressman from Virginia for twenty years. Mr. Carmichael graduated from Washington and Lee University with the degree of Civil Engineer, and

this late accomplishment is a tribute to the training received there.

As Assistant Inspector in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Mr. Carmichael represented the Third Congressional District of Kentucky at the reunion in Memphis, with Mrs. Carmichael as Matron of Honor. He expects to be at Dallas, also, and "the boys" there in reunion will honor him as "one of them." One of his three sons is now a cadet at the V. M. I.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S CORPS.

BY W. G. PETERKIN, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

In the VETERAN for February, S. K. Dendy gives a partial list of brigades constituting Stonewall Jackson's Corps, naming five brigades—Scale's, Lane's, Thomas's, McGowan's, and the Stonewall Brigade—and adds that "perhaps a few other troops helped to make up this Corp."

There were nineteen brigades in the Second Corps when commanded by Stonewall Jackson, divided into four divisions, which included the original division of Jackson himself.

My father served for the first fifteen months of the war in the 21st Virginia Infantry, in the Second Brigade of Jackson's old division, and for the remainder of the war he served on the staff of the Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. During his lifetime, he acquired a sizable library of books relating to the War between the States, which library is now in my possession, and from volumes therein contained I have derived the following data, which may be of interest:

When Jackson, then still a major general, immediately at the close of his famous Valley Campaign, came from the Valley in the latter part of June, 1862, to participate in the Seven Days' fighting before Richmond, his old division, then under the immediate command of General Winder, was composed of the following:

First Brigade "Stonewall," Brig. Gen. C. S. Winder. General Winder, while in command of the division, was killed at Cedar Run, August 9, 1862.—2nd, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 38th Virginia Regiments.

Second Brigade Lieutenant Colonel Cunningham.—21st, 42nd, and 48th Virginia Regiments and 1st Virginia Battalion.

Third Brigade, Colonel Fulkerson.—10th, 23rd, and 37th Virginia Regiments.

Fourth Brigade Brig. Gen. A. R. Lawton.—13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th, and 61st Georgia Regiments.

During the operations beginning with the campaign of Second Manassas and ending with the return of the Army of Northern Virginia from Maryland after Sharpsburg, Jackson commanded a wing of the army which comprised, in a general way, the same troops that afterwards composed the Second Corps, when, early in October, 1862, the Army of Northern Virginia was formally reorganized into two Corps, and Longstreet and Jackson were promoted to be lieutenant generals and placed in command of the First and Second Corps, respectively.

The Second Corps, as thus organized, comprised the following:

SECOND CORPS, LIEUT. GEN. T. J. JACKSON.

Chief of Artillery.—Col. Stapleton Crutchfield (wounded at Chancellorsville, 1863; killed at Sailor's Creek, 1865).

Ewell's Division, Maj. Gen. R. S. Ewell.

General Ewell was disabled for many months by the wounds he received at Groveton on the eve of Second Manassas, which cost him his leg. This division was commanded by Brigadier General Lawton till the latter was wounded at

Sharpsburg. After that it was led by Brigadier General Early, who later received the permanent rank of major general.

Chief of Artillery.—Maj. A. R. Courtney.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. A. R. Lawton (Colonel Douglass). 13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th, and 61st Georgia Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. Jubal A. Early. 13th, 25th, 31st, 44th, 49th, 52nd, and 58th Virginia Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. R. Trimble. 15th Alabama Regiment; 12th and 21st Georgia Regiments; and 21st North Carolina Regiment.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. H. T. Hays (Colonel Forno, Colonel Strong). 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Louisiana Regiments.

D. H. Hill's Division, Maj. Gen. D. H. Hill.

Gen. D. H. Hill was detached to the South during the last part of 1862.

Brig. Gen. (later Maj. Gen.) R. E. Rhodes.

Chief of Artillery.—Maj. Hilary P. Jones.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. R. E. Rhodes. (Brig. Gen. E. A. O'Neal). 3rd, 5th, 6th, 12th, and 26th Alabama Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. George Doles. 4th and 44th Georgia Regiments; 1st and 3rd North Carolina Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. A. H. Colquitt, 13th Alabama Regiment; 6th, 23rd, 27th, and 28th Georgia Regiments.

It is interesting to note that John B. Gordon was at this time colonel of the 6th Georgia Regiment.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. A. Iverson. 5th, 12th, 20th, and 23rd North Carolina Regiments.

Fifth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. S. D. Ramseur. 2nd, 4th, 14th, and 30th North Carolina Regiments.

A. P. Hill's Division, (The "Light" Division), Maj. Gen.

A. P. Hill.

Chief of Artillery.—Lieut. Col. R. L. Walker.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. C. W. Field. 40th, 47th, and 55th Virginia Regiments; and 2nd Virginia Battalion.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. Maxey Gregg (killed at Fredericksburg), Brig. Gen. S. McGowan, Col. A. Perrin. 12th, 13th, and 14th South Carolina Regiments; 1st South Carolina Provisional Regiment, and Orr's Rifles.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. E. L. Thomas. 14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia Regiments.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. H. Lane (Lane had succeeded Branch, who was killed at Sharpsburg). 7th, 18th, 28th, 33rd, and 37th North Carolina Regiments.

Fifth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. J. Archer. 5th Alabama Regiment; 19th Georgia Regiment; 7th and 14th and 1st Provisional Tennessee Regiments.

The 19th Georgia Regiment seems to have been a part of the time, attached to Thomas's Brigade.

Sixth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. W. D. Pender (later Brig. Gen. A. M. Scales). 13th, 16th, 22nd, 34th, and 38th North Carolina Regiments.

Jackson's Old Division, Brig. Gen. W. B. Taliaferro, Brig.

R. E. Colston, later Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson.

Chief of Artillery.—Capt. J. B. Brockenbrough.

First Brigade (the Stonewall).—Brig. Gen. E. F. Paxton. (Colonel Baylor, Colonel Grigsby).

After General Paxton was killed at Chancellorsville, the "Stonewall" Brigade was led by Brig. Gen. J. A. Walker. 2nd, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33rd Virginia Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. R. Jones. (Col. Bradley T. Johnson.)

(General Jones had commanded the division at Sharpsburg in September, 1862, until he was wounded. In 1864 this brigade was consolidated with the Stonewall Brigade, under General Terry.) 21st, 42nd, 48th Virginia Regiments; and 1st Virginia Battalion.

In 1863, the 25th, 44th, and 50th Virginia Regiments were added.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. William B. Taliaferro. (Col. A. B. Taliaferro.) 10th, 23rd, and 37th Virginia Regiments; and 47th and 48th Alabama Regiments.

Fourth Brigade (Stark's Brigade).—(Col. L. A. Stafford, Col. Edmund Pendleton), Brig. Gen. Frances T. Nicholls, (Col. J. N. Williams).

(Gen. W. E. Stark who, after Gen. J. R. Jones was wounded, had succeeded to command of the Division, was killed at Sharpsburg, and at the time of the Second Corps was formally organized no permanent commander had been appointed; after General Nicholls was appointed, he led this brigade till he was disabled by wounds at Chancellorsville.) 1st, 2nd, 10th, 14th and 15th, Louisiana Regiments.

Corps of Reserve Artillery.—Col. J. Thompson Brown.

McGowan's South Carolina Brigade.

When the Second Corps was organized, Col. Samuel McGowan commanded the 14th South Carolina Regiment in Gregg's Brigade, of A. P. Hill's Division, and he succeeded to the command of the brigade after Gregg's death at Fredericksburg, and was promoted to brigadier general.

Scales's North Carolina Brigade.

When the Second Corps was organized, Col. A. M. Scales commanded the 13th North Carolina Regiment in Pender's Brigade, of A. P. Hill's Division. Scales, I believe, succeeded to the command of this brigade when, on reorganization after Chancellorsville, Pender was promoted to be a major general, which rank he held at the time he was killed at Gettysburg.

There were naturally many other changes from time to time in brigade and division commanders, arising from casualties and other reasons. For instance, although at the time of Sharpsburg, September, 1862, the Second Corps had not been formally organized as above stated, Jackson then had under his command very nearly the same organizations afterwards included in the Second Corps; and Colonel Henderson (in his "Stonewall Jackson") says that at the close of the first phase of the battle of Sharpsburg, there was not a brigade in Jackson's command led by the same officer who had taken it into action three or four hours earlier.

After Jackson's death in May, 1863, the Army of Northern Virginia was reorganized in three corps; Longstreet retained the First, and Ewell and A. P. Hill were made Lieutenant Generals. The former (who had returned to active service notwithstanding the loss of his leg) succeeded Jackson in command of the reorganized Second Corps, and A. P. Hill took the new Third Corps.

As it might be of interest to have a record of the organizations of the First Corps at the time the regular corps organizations were adopted, in October, 1862, I append hereto a separate memorandum showing the First Corps organizations:

FIRST CORPS, LIEUT. GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.
(FALL OF 1862).

Anderson's Division, Maj. Gen. R. H. Anderson.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. C. M. Wilcox. 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 14th Alabama Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. William Mahone. 6th, 12th, 16th, 41st, and 61st Virginia Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. W. S. Featherston (Col. Carnot Posey). 12th, 16th, and 19th Mississippi Regiments; and 2nd Mississippi Battalion.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. A. R. Wright. 3rd, 22nd, and 48th Georgia Regiments; and 42nd Georgia Battalion.

Fifth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. E. A. Perry. 2nd, 5th, and 8th, Florida Regiments.

McLaws's Division, Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. B. Kershaw. 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 15th South Carolina Regiments; and 3rd South Carolina Battalion.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. P. J. Semmes. 10th, 50th, 51st, and 53rd Georgia Regiments.

Third (Cobb's) Brigade.—Brig. Gen. — (later, Brig. Gen. W. T. Wofford). 16th, 18th, 24th Georgia Regiments; Cobb's Georgia Legion, and Phillips's Georgia Legion.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. W. Barksdale. 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st Mississippi Regiments.

Pickett's Division, Maj. Gen. George E. Pickett.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. R. B. Garnett. 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th, and 56th Virginia Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. L. A. Armistead. 9th, 14th, 38th, 53rd, and 57th Virginia Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. L. Kemper. 1st, 3rd, 7th, 11th, and 24th Virginia Regiments.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. M. Jenkins. 1st (Volunteer), 2nd, 5th, and 6th, South Carolina Regiments, Hampton Legion, and Palmetto Sharpshooters.

Fifth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. M. D. Corse. 15th, 17th, 30th, and 32nd Virginia Regiments.

Hood's Division, Maj. Gen. J. B. Hood.

First Brigade.—Brig. Gen. J. B. Robertson. 3rd Arkansas Regiment; 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments.

Second Brigade.—Brig. Gen. E. M. Law. 4th and 44th Alabama Regiments; 6th, 54th, and 57th North Carolina Regiments.

Third Brigade.—Brig. Gen. George T. Anderson. 1st, 7th, 8th, and 11th Georgia Regiments.

Fourth Brigade.—Brig. Gen. Robert Tombs (Col. H. L. Benning). 2nd, 15th, 17th, and 20th Georgia Regiments.

Ransom's Division, Brig. Gen. M. Ransom.

1. *Ransom's Brigade*, 24th, 25th, 35th, and 49th North Carolina Regiments.

2. *Cooke's Brigade*, 15th, 27th, 46th, and 48th North Carolina Regiments.

Reserve Artillery.—Washington Artillery, Col. J. B. Walton. Alexander's Battalion, Lieut. Col. E. Porter Alexander,

A UNIQUE BATTLE.

BY JOHN PUNIFOY, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The town of Williamsport is located in the lower angle formed by the Potomac River with the Conococheague Creek. These streams inclose the town on two sides, and back of it about one mile there is a low range of hills that is crossed by four roads converging at the town. The first is the Greencastle road leading down the creek valley; next the Hagerstown road; then the Boonsborough road; lastly the river road.

Early on the morning of July 6, 1863, General Imboden received report of the approach from Frederick of a large

body of Federal cavalry, with three full batteries of six rifle guns each. These were the divisions of Gens. John Buford and Judson Kilpatrick, and Brig. Gen. Pennock Huey's Brigade of Gregg's Division, consisting, as he afterwards learned, of twenty-three regiments of cavalry and eighteen guns, a total force of about 7,000 men.

General Imboden immediately posted his guns on the hills that concealed the town, dismounted his own command to support them, and ordered as many of the wagons to be formed as could be armed with guns of the wounded that had been brought from Gettysburg. In this work General Imboden acknowledges valuable aid by Col. J. L. Black, of South Carolina; Capt. J. F. Hart, commanding a battery from the same State; Col. William R. Aylett, commanding the 53d Virginia Infantry; and other wounded officers. By noon about seven hundred wagons were organized into companies of one hundred each and officered by wounded line officers and commissaries and quartermasters. About two hundred and fifty were assigned to Colonel Aylett on the right next the river, about as many to Colonel Black on the left, and the residue, about two hundred, were used as skirmishers. General Imboden held his own command well in hand in the center.

[NOTE.—Colonel Aylett's regiment was a member of Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Armistead's Brigade, and Colonel Aylett was wounded in the great Confederate charge on July 3. General Armistead, it will be remembered, was mortally wounded after he had leaped over the stone wall behind which the Federal line on Cemetery Ridge was in position, and fell into the hands of the enemy.]

Though General Imboden does not enumerate them in his forces in position prior to the beginning of the battle which was fought at Williamsport in defense of the train, General Lee, reporting, said: "Here they were attacked by a strong force of cavalry and artillery, which was gallantly repulsed by General Imboden, whose command had been strengthened by several batteries and by two regiments of infantry, which had been detached at Winchester to guard prisoners, and were returning to the army." The returning regiments were the 54th North Carolina, of Hoke's Brigade, and the 58th Virginia, of Smith's Brigade, detached at Winchester to escort prisoners of war to Staunton, and the 13th Virginia, of Smith's Brigade, was detached and left at Winchester to guard captured property, etc. The extended duties of the three regiments named prevented them from reaching the Gettysburg battle fields.

The Federal force appeared in front about half past one o'clock on the Hagerstown and Boonsborough roads, and it was the signal for opening the battle. Every man in that little command understood that if they did not repulse the enemy they would all be captured and the Confederate army would be ruined by the loss of its transportation, which at that period could not have been replaced in the Confederacy. The battle opened by artillery by both sides. The firing from the Confederate line was very rapid, and caused the Federal assaulting force to hesitate about advancing. Fortunately for the Confederate force engaged, when it became known that one of the batteries had run out of ammunition, and an ordnance train arrived from Winchester, two wagonloads of ammunition were ferried across the river and run upon the field behind the guns, and the boxes tumbled out to be broken open with axes. With this fresh supply, the Confederate guns were all soon in full play again. As the enemy could not see the supports of the Confederate guns from the hilltops, General Imboden moved the whole line forward to their full view, in single ranks, to show a long front on the Hagerstown approach. The line passed the Confederate guns fifty or one

hundred yards, where they were halted awhile, and then were withdrawn behind the hilltop again, slowly and steadily.

Leaving Colonel Black's wagons and the Marylanders on the left to support Hart's and Moore's batteries, Hart having been put in command by Colonel Black when he was obliged to be elsewhere, General Imboden moved two of his regiments to his right to meet and repel five advancing dismounted Federal regiments. These regiments, with McNeill's Partisan Rangers and Colonel Aylett's wagons, had to sustain a very severe contest. Hart, seeing how hard they were pressed on the right, charged the Federal right, and, at the same time, Major Eshleman advanced his eight Napoleons four hundred yards to the front, getting an enfilading position, from which, with the aid of McClanahan's Battery, they poured a furious fire into the Federal line. The Confederate force on the right of the line charged the Federal force, which fell back sullenly to their horses.

Night was rapidly approaching, when a messenger from Gen. Fitzhugh Lee reached General Imboden and urged him to hold his own, as he, Lee, would be up in half an hour with three thousand fresh troops. This news was sent along General Imboden's line, and was received with a wild and exultant yell. With this information, the hard-pressed little band knew that the battle was won, and it caused them to slowly push forward. Almost at the same moment they heard distant guns in the Federal rear and right on the Hagerstown road. They were Stuart's guns, who was approaching on that road, while Fitzhugh Lee was approaching on the Green-castle road. That settled the contest. The Federal force broke to the left and fled by the Boonsborough road. It was too dark to follow. When Gen. Fitzhugh Lee joined General Imboden with his staff on the field, one of the Federal shells came near striking him. He thought it came from Eshleman's Battery, till, a moment later, he saw a blaze from the Confederate gun streaming away from him.

About 125 Federals who failed to reach their horses were captured. General Imboden states he could never ascertain the loss on either side. He estimated the Confederate loss at 125. The teamsters fought so well that the battle became known as "the wagons' fight." Quite a number of them were killed in storming a farm from which sharpshooters were rapidly picking off Eshleman's men and horses.

General Imboden estimates his whole force engaged, wagons included, did not exceed three thousand men. His ruse, practiced by showing a formidable line on his left, then withdrawing it to fight on the right, with numerous Confederate artillery, twenty-three guns, led the enemy to believe that the Confederate force engaged was much greater than it really was.

[NOTE.—The facts and quotations used from General Imboden, in the foregoing article are obtained from a lucid sketch written by him and published in "Battles and Leaders," prepared by the Century Magazine.]

Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, commanding the corps of Federal cavalry, said: "The grand attack of General Lee's army on July 3, on the left of our line at Gettysburg, having been successfully repulsed and defeated, orders were given for the cavalry to gain his rear and line of communication, and harass and annoy him as much as possible in his retreat.

"Buford's division started from Westminster, passed through Frederick City, where it was joined by Merritt's Brigade from Gettysburg, and proceeded to the vicinity of Williamsport on July 6, where the enemy's pickets were driven in to within a half mile of his trains at the town. A small train and some forty mules were captured, but the

enemy was in too strong force to permit farther damage at that point."

Kilpatrick's Division was joined by Huey's Brigade, of Gregg's Division, on July 4th as it passed Emmitsburg, and on July 6, "while Buford attacked at Williamsport, Kilpatrick's Division attacked the enemy at Hagerstown."

This indicates that the Federal cavalry was put in motion immediately after the repulse of the great Confederate charge on July 3, and it caused a corresponding strenuousness on the part of the Confederate cavalry. This arm of the Confederate service was commanded by Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. While the Federal leaders planned and moved to execute the destruction of the Confederate trains and to cause any other embarrassment to their retreating adversary, Generals Lee and Stuart were alert with plans and activities to meet them. The Confederate cavalry was so disposed as to afford the greatest protection to the army trains and the flanks of the moving army. The infantry and artillery of the latter, however, were in no great danger from the hovering cavalry detachments, as the latter were wary of infantry connected with artillery. Assignment was made of several detachments, each being fully advised as to the part it was to play. The very conditions which existed necessarily required the heads of such detachments to be prolific in initiation, as no set rule could be laid down that would meet all conditions.

For two days after the Confederate cavalry began its movements on the evening of July 4, it spent practically sleepless nights, and was engaged in active operations day and night either fighting or marching to counteract the movements of their ever-alert opponents. Such activities, by a stroke of good fortune, concentrated all the detached and scattered bodies in the vicinity of Hagerstown on the morning of July 6, with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart present to command and stimulate the combined forces.

Under General Stuart's bold manipulation, his tired troopers and their badly jaded horses, both of which had been constantly on the move for the greater part of day and night for a month, and their ranks had been greatly reduced by their long and arduous march, repeated conflicts, and insufficient supplies of food, seemed to gather new strength, and, under the impulse of the necessity, assailed their stubborn adversary with boldness and determination.

Under the magic influence of Stuart's manipulation, though the Confederate cavalry force was very much smaller than that of the enemy, by a bold and vigorous attack, with a reliance on that help which had never failed him, Stuart hoped to raise the siege of Williamsport. He learned from Brig. Gen. W. E. Jones that the Confederate wagons were congregated in a narrow space at the foot of the hill near the river, which was too much swollen to permit their passage to the south bank. His gallant troopers drove the dismounted Federal skirmishers from street to street in Hagerstown, where they had taken a determined stand, and some time elapsed before the town was entirely clear. The Federal force then took the road, first toward Sharpsburg, but afterwards turned to the Williamsport road. Just as Hagerstown was cleared, Stuart heard the guns at Williamsport, six miles distant. After driving the Federal skirmishers out of the town, in each successive stand made by them they were dislodged and closely pursued by the mounted men, but made one effort at a countercharge, which was gallantly met and repulsed. The Federal force was now very near Williamsport, and the determined and vigorous attack in rear soon compelled the besieging enemy to leave in hasty discomfiture by the Downs-ville road. His withdrawal was favored by night, which set

in just as the Confederate force reached the ridge overlooking Williamsport.

To add to the trepidation of the Federal besiegers of the Confederate wagon train at Williamsport, Gen. James Longstreet "thought himself fortunate when he found that he could reach Hagerstown in time to relieve the trains at Williamsport, then seriously threatened." Reaching Hagerstown about 5 P.M., his column moved down the Sharpsburg pike and encamped about two miles from Hagerstown. The fact that he had reached the vicinity was ample without his having to make a demonstration against the forces of the enemy.

When General Stuart reached Hagerstown, July 6, he found that a small body of Confederate infantry, under Brig. Gen. Alfred Iverson, also held the north edge of the town, aided by the cavalry of Robertson and Chambliss. General Iverson reached the town on July 6, where he found the Federal cavalry engaged with the Confederate cavalry. He was conveying a train which he sent back to the rear, deployed skirmishers, fixed an ambuscade, and he stated that he believed he killed, wounded, and captured as many of the enemy as he had men. His loss was three killed and six wounded. He stated that he drove the enemy through Hagerstown, and marched within two miles of Williamsport that night, in support of Stuart's cavalry, which came up during the fight. Iverson's small infantry force was the remnant of his brigade left from Rodes's attack in the battle of the 1st of July, when a large part of it was killed and captured.

Longstreet's infantry force and Iverson's small command numbered infantry in ample force to effectively handle the large Federal cavalry force present. It is not necessary to state to any old soldier that cavalry, during that war, had no fondness for organized infantry and artillery where the numbers and equipment were in the vicinity of par.

General Buford said: "The expedition had for its object the destruction of the enemy's trains, supposed to be at Williamsport. This I regret to say was not accomplished. The enemy was too strong for me, but he was severely punished for his obstinacy. His casualties were more than quadruple mine." This estimate was wholly guesswork, and really pure bombast.

Gen. Judson Kilpatrick said that General Custer had joined Buford's attack on Williamsport and had his force ready to advance with the prospect of success, when he received a dispatch from Colonel Richmond, whose force was in advance to check the Confederate march, that he was attacked with infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Word came at the same time that a column of infantry was moving on his right flank. It was now 6 P.M. A few moments later, General Buford sent a staff officer to him to say he was about to retire; that he feared the enemy would move down on the Sharpsburg pike and intercept their retreat. He stated that his "command was in a most perilous position, attacked in front, rear, and flank, and no prospect of a safe retreat until night." Slowly the regiments of each brigade fell back, taking up one position after another, repulsing each attack until night set in and they formed a junction with Buford, both commands going into camp near Jones's Crossroads.

By extraordinary good fortune, General Imboden and his valiant helpers had saved a greater part of the army trains. Imboden states that a bold charge at any time before sunset would have broken their feeble line, and then the whole force, with the entire trains in their charge, would have fallen an easy prey to the enemy.

The fortuitous combination of occurrences which operated

to throw their protecting shield around that immense aggregation of vehicles and their helpless burden of human suffering, because of the enforced necessity of their standing on a narrow strip of low ground along the Potomac River, in the vicinity of Williamsport, Md., on July 6, 1863, is rarely witnessed. It is not necessary to describe the helpless condition of that comparatively inert mass, the only protection of which was a brave but greatly inadequate force. We find the first dim rift in the lowering cloud which enveloped them was the arrival of the two regiments returning from their detached duties of escorting a large number of prisoners of war to Staunton. The next event, and which tended to greatly broaden that almost imperceptible fissure, was the arrival of Stuart and his several acting independent detachments of tired horsemen; and Iverson's little band of gallant infantry played its part in that protecting shield. The arrival of General Longstreet, with his organized infantry and artillery, was the culmination of events which aided in the hasty discomfiture and, but for the friendly safeguard of approaching night, probably a disorderly retreat of the destructive forces which were hovering around.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

THE TRUE STORY OF HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.

BY ISAAC MARKENS, NEW YORK CITY.

Although the death of John Wilkes Booth on the morning of April 26, 1865, has been clearly established, an impression prevails that the assassin of Lincoln for many years after he shot the President at Ford's Theater, in Washington, on the night of April 14, lived under assumed names at various towns in the West and Southwest and passed away a few years ago. How far from right are the many stories being published from time to time on this subject is shown by the following:

Near Port Royal, Va., at the home of Richard Henry Garrett, Booth made his last stop after leaving Washington. In a barn about one hundred yards from the Garrett house, Booth and his companion, David E. Herold, were found at 2 A.M., guards having been stationed near the Garrett house and around the barn. Jack Garrett, a young son of Richard Henry, was sent to the inmates of the barn to appeal for their surrender. To this Booth replied with an oath: "You get out of here; you have betrayed me." Through the cracks of the barn showed the light of a burning candle carried by the pursuing party. Inside the barn was dark. Repeated demands for surrender having been refused by Booth, he was told by Lieut. L. C. Baker, the government detective, one of the soldiers, that fifty men with him, armed with carbines and pistols, made escape impossible. Booth demurred, saying: "This is a hard case, I swear." Then he asked for time to consider. Finally Baker warned Booth that unless he surrendered his arms and came out of the barn, the barn would be fired. Booth answered he was a cripple, with one leg, he had but one leg, and if Baker's men would withdraw fifty yards from the door of the barn, he would come out and fight them; he asked for a chance for his life. To this proposition Baker replied he did not come there to fight. Next, one of the Garretts was requested to pile some brush up against the corner of the barn, pine boughs. Here further conversation with Booth ceased. After a while the two fugitives engaged in much talk, which ended with Booth saying to Herold, "You damned coward, will you leave me now?" Next Herold came to the door and said: "Let me out." The firing of the barn followed; loose hay blazed very rapidly. In Booth's hands was a carbine. Sergeant Burton Corbett, of the 13th New York Cavalry, whose mind was upon Booth attentively, was

told by one of his companions that Booth was watching him and that he aimed the carbine at him. Corbett then, believing that the time had come, shot him through a large crack in the barn. The wound was made in the neck, a little back of the ear, and came out a little higher up in the upper side of the head. He was shot at fifteen minutes past three o'clock, lingered two hours and a quarter, and died in terrible agony. Secretary Stanton, when informed of the capture and death of Booth, the same night sent a tug to Alexandria to meet the steamer Ide, having Booth's body on board. From the tug the body was transferred to the monitor Montauk at 1:45 A.M. the next day, April 27, taken out of the blankets in which it was wrapped, and placed on deck in charge of a guard. Later that day, by direction of the Secretary of the Navy Welles, the body was seen on the Montauk by the Surgeon General and his assistant, Judge Advocate General Holt, John A. Bingham, William T. Moore, Col. L. C. Baker, Lieutenant Baker, Lieutenant Colonel Conger, Charles Dawson, J. L. Smith, and Alexandria Gardner, government photographer. It was then delivered, after the Surgeon General had made his autopsy, in a strong box to Colonel Baker. To further establish identification beyond doubt, J. F. May, of Washington, who had removed a tumor from Booth's neck two years before, readily found the scar. The body was further identified by his initials on his right arm in India ink, and by the personal recognition of many intimate acquaintances. The Surgeon General at this time cut from Booth's neck a section of the spine through which the ball passed. The same day a secret burial of Booth was made on the arsenal grounds at Washington, the body being lowered in the grave in a pine gun box stored in the Ordnance Department close by. There it rested until February 15, 1869, when, upon the request of Booth's mother, the body, by order of President Johnson, was delivered to the sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore. In accordance with instructions of Edwin Booth, J. H. Weaver, undertaken of Baltimore, and Harvey & Marr, undertakers of Washington, the body was prepared for burial, after being further identified by a dentist who had filled Booth's teeth. It was then taken from Washington by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and three days later, on February 18, interred in lots 9-10, Area Dogwood, Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, said lots being in the name of Mrs. Mary Ann Booth.

Further evidence of the fate of Booth is found in the payment by the government of \$75,000 to his captors, in accordance with a reward offered by the War Department, April 20, 1865, which was distributed, in 1866, to eight army officers and detectives and twenty-six soldiers, of which E. J. Conger, detective, received \$15,000, and Burton Corbett, the man who shot Booth, \$1,653.85, the same as all other soldiers.

What purports to be the true story of Booth's escape, as told recently by pretended relatives of the assassin, now living in the West and elsewhere, in face of the above statement based on official records in Washington, is pure fabrication, as shown by the following documents on file in the War Department, dated February 15, 1869:

"To Brevet General George D. Ramsey, Commanding Washington Arsenal.

"The President directs that the body of John Wilkes Booth, interred at the Washington Arsenal, be delivered to Mr. John Weaver, sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, Md., for the purpose of having it removed and properly interred. Please report the execution of the order.

"I am, etc.,

E. D. T., A. A. G."

General Ramsey replied as follows:

"Major General E. D. Townsend, A. A. G., U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

"Sir: I have the honor to report that the body of John Wilkes Booth was, on Monday afternoon, the 15th inst., delivered to the person designated in the order of the President of the United States of the same date.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant

GEORGE D. RAMSEY,

Brevet Major General U. S. Army Commanding."

How far from true is the statement of one Blanche Bates, a reputed niece of John Wilkes Booth, that his mother or any others of the Booth family visited him in the West after his "escape," or believed-in escape, is evidenced by a letter by Edwin Booth, his respected brother, as early as September 11, 1867, to General Grant at Washington, from Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, where he was then stopping:

"Gen. U. S. Grant.

"Sir: Having once received a promise from Mr. Stanton (Secretary of War) that the family of John Wilkes Booth should be permitted to obtain the body when sufficient time had elapsed, I yielded to the entreaties of my mother and applied for it to the Secretary of War, I fear too soon, for the letter was unheeded, if indeed it ever reached him. I now appeal to you, in behalf of my heart-broken mother, that she may receive the remains of her son. You, sir, can understand what a consolation it would be to an aged parent to have the privilege of visiting the grave of her child, and I feel assured that you will, even in the midst of your most pressing duties, feel a touch of sympathy for her, one of the greatest sufferers living.

"May I not hope, too, that you will listen to our entreaties and send me some encouragement, some information how and when the remains may be obtained? By so doing you will receive the gratitude of a most unhappy family, and will, I am sure, be justified by all right-thinking minds should the matter become known to others than ourselves.

"I shall remain in Baltimore two weeks from the date of this letter, during which time I could send a trustworthy person to bring hither and probably bury the remains on the family grounds, thus relieving my poor mother of much misery.

"Apologizing for my intrusion, and anxiously awaiting a reply to this,

"I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

EDWIN BOOTH."

To this letter General Grant, so far as known, made no reply, probably from disinclination to confer with President Johnson, his superior, with whom he and Stanton, about this time, were involved in the political squabble which led to Johnson's impeachment. Here Edwin Booth ceased to figure on the matter of his brother's remains until February 10, 1869, twenty days before Johnson's retirement from the presidency, when he addressed Johnson, begging that he will not delay in ordering the body to be given to the care of the aforesaid Mr. Weaver, and at the same time he requested of the President the return of a trunk of his brother's at the National Hotel, Washington, for which he had once applied, but was refused, it being under the seal of the War Department, and which he thought might contain relics of "the poor misguided boy," which would be dear to his sorrowing mother and of no use to anyone. "Your Excellency," wrote Edwin "would greatly lessen the crushing weight of grief by giving immediate orders for the safe delivery of the remains of John Wilkes Booth to Mr. Weaver, and gain the lasting gratitude of your obedient servant, Edwin Booth."

MISSISSIPPI MILITARY STATISTICS.

BY COL. W. A. LOVE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

As a result of a State-supported Department of Archives and History, which issues an official and statistical register quadrennially, or during each succeeding administration, her citizens generally are informed, not only upon transactions of recent, but of the remote past. Therefore the following résumé of facts bearing upon Mississippi's military history during the four years of war against secession is here given, hoping that it may induce like contributions from other States.

In response to the advice of Gov. J. J. Pettus, the legislature called a State convention to meet in Jackson, on January 7,



W. A. LOVE, 1848-19—.

1861, to consider the existing relations between the government of the United States and the government of the people of Mississippi and to adopt such measures for vindicating the government of the State and the protection of its institutions "as shall appear to demand" that attention.

On January 9, the convention assembled, organized, and passed an ordinance of secession by a vote of 84 to 15.

On the 21, Jefferson Davis announced the withdrawal of Mississippi from the Union to the United States Senate and delivered his farewell address to that body.

The convention of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Ala., on January 25, elected Jefferson Davis President of the Confederacy.

A convention, in obedience to the proclamation of the President, assembled at Jackson for the purpose of ratifying the constitution of the Confederate States and to place the State upon a war footing.

According to the census of 1860, the number of white males in Mississippi between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was 70,295. The total enlistments of the State during the war in the Confederate army was, in round numbers, 80,000. The State furnished the Union army 545 whites and 79,000 negroes. The State furnished five major generals and twenty-nine brigadier generals, field officers omitted.

In April, 1861, President Davis asked for 1,500 Mississippi troops to aid in the defense of Pensacola, Fla. The 9th and 10th Regiments, under command of Col. J. R. Chalmers and Col. S. M. Phillips, were sent in response to the call.

The following regiments from Mississippi took part in the Virginia Campaign of 1861: The 2nd, Col. W. C. Falkner; 11th, Col. W. H. Moore; 13th, Col. William Barksdale; 17th, Col. W. S. Featherston; 18th Col. E. R. Burt.

Principal military operations within the State in 1862: May 29, General Beauregard evacuated Corinth; September 10, Natchez taken by Federals; September 19, 20, battles of Iuka; October 3, 4, General Van Dorn attacks Corinth; December 2, General Hovey occupies Grenada; December 5, battle of Coffeeville; December 20, General VanDorn takes Holly Springs; December 27, Federals attack Vicksburg.

Operations in 1863: April 17-May 5, Grierson's raid; April 29, naval battle at Grand Gulf; May 1, battle of Port Gibson; May 12, Federals take Raymond; May 14, Federals occupy Jackson; May 16, battle of Champion Hill; May 17, battle of Big Black and Vicksburg invested by Federals under General Grant; July 4, Vicksburg surrenders; July 16, Jackson evacuated by General Johnston; November 16, Charles Clark inaugurated governor at Columbus; December 17-25, battles at Rodney and Port Gibson.

Operations in 1864: February 1, Yazoo River expedition by Federals; February 27, 28, battle at Canton; May 24, battle of Holly Springs; June 10, battle of Brice's Crossroads; July 14, 15, battles of Harrisburg; August 7-14, battles of Abbeville, Oxford, and Hurricane Creek.

In a contribution to the Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society, Volume VIII, Gen. Stephen D. Lee gives an index to campaigns, battles, and skirmishes in the State from 1861 to 1865, as published by the Federal government in the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Series I. This includes all battles and skirmishes in Mississippi and on the Mississippi River, and brings the grand total to about 450 in number, showing that the two armies were in almost daily combat, developing many minor engagements.

Occurrences in 1865: On May 4, at Citronelle, Ala., Gen. Richard Taylor surrendered to General Canby and issued orders from Meridian, Miss., reciting the surrender of General Lee and stating that the war was over. . . . May 10-20, General Forrest's cavalry command paroled at Gainesville, Ala.; May 6, Governor Clark issued a proclamation calling a special session of the legislature to meet at Jackson, May 18. On May 22, Governor Clark was arrested by General Osband, of the United States Army and the legislature adjourned precipitately and all members fled, some by rail and dirt roads, some in coaches and carriages, some as equestrians and pedestrians, all determined to get somewhere else. But here begins a chapter which does not properly come within the purview of this paper.

Aside from the remarkable number of battles and skirmishes fought in Mississippi, the enlistments in proportion to military population may invite explanation, if not criticism. First, it is a result of the duplication of names consequent to promotions, transfers, and details to various departments, and to the fact that there were many in the service over forty-five and under eighteen years of age. For instance, in Company H, 6th Mississippi Cavalry, there were about one hundred rank and file. Of these seventy were under twenty years of age and their average was below eighteen, one of which was the writer, seventeen years and two months at the date of the surrender. This Company was doubtless an exception, but the boys were well represented in all the cavalry commands, verifying the assertion that the "seed corn" of the Con-

federacy was being utilized in its efforts for independence. They were a jolly lot, to be sure, those boys in jackets of gray, always ready for a frolic or a fight, by night or by day, and the few yet remaining can be depended upon to cheer when Dixie is played, grow cotton, and vote the straight Democratic ticket.

However, the "buttermilk" cavalry boys must give first place to the old "web-foot" infantry on questions of proficiency in indiscriminate foraging.

While strictly conscientious respecting private property, an opportunity was never unimproved to "fill up." The usual introductory plea—with a weebegone expression—was: "Mister (or Miss as the victim might be), *I haven't had anything to eat in three days*," which generally secured something; and how they held it all is a mystery. Stomachs, haversacks, pockets, and canteens, all full, they might be likened—apologies to either or both—to the pelican.

The popularity of a recently adopted slogan, "Made in Mississippi," recalls the fact that the material of the suit worn by the writer was grown on the farm, the wool having been shorn, carded, spun, dyed, and woven, and the cloth cut, fitted, and made all at home. The only contribution to the whole outfit by the Confederacy was the brass buttons, and they were "hand-downs" that had been used by older brothers in the campaign in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

This statement is made in commemoration of the undying love, devotion, and self-sacrifice of the sainted mothers of the South who have passed to the other side, and while

"Over the river we are nearing,

They are thronging to the shore,

To shout our safe arrival

Where the weary weep no more."

W. A. MASSIE, FIRST LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY.

A CORRECTION BY J. M. RICHARDS, WEATHERFORD, TEX.

In contributing a "War Incident" to the *VETERAN* (published on page 20 of the January number), I made a slight mistake as to the official rank of Lieut. W. A. Massie. My principal purpose was to call attention to the extraordinary courtesy shown by Mrs. U. S. Grant, wife of General Grant, to a scouting Confederate soldier who was known at that time to be within the Federal lines and for whom a company of Yankee cavalry was making search. My further purpose was to show the nerve and audacity this hunted Confederate displayed when he calmly walked into the home of Mrs. Grant and nonchalantly took a seat on her front porch. Incidentally, I referred to Comrade W. A. Massie, a neighbor through whom I learned this little war incident, erroneously stating that he, while serving as a courier for General Lee, was severely wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. Comrade George Percy Hawes, of Richmond, writes to correct my statement, and says: "I knew W. A. Massie very well. He was first lieutenant of C. W. Fry's Battery, Second Corps, A. N. V., and I was present when he was shot by a rifle ball through his left shoulder as he jumped upon the breastworks and waved his hat, recklessly defying Yankee bullets. Seeing he was seriously wounded, I helped him upon my mare and into my saddle. Placing myself behind the saddle, I carried him to the hospital."

The facts as to Lieutenant Massie's having been severely wounded through his shoulder are correct. The error consists in ascribing to him the position of a courier when he was first lieutenant of Fry's Battery, Second Division of Artillery, Second Corps, Col. Thomas H. Carter commanding.

Comrade Hawes was a courier on the staff of Col. Thomas H. Carter, and bears testimony to the fidelity and gallantry of his personal and most highly esteemed friend and army comrade, Lieut. W. A. Massie, formerly of Hanover County, Va., who was also severely wounded through his right thigh at the battle of Spotsylvania.

SERVICE WITH THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

(Continued from February number.)

[From the diary of James L. Cooper, Captain and A. A. G. Edited by Deering J. Roberts, M.D., Surgeon C. S. A.]
(September 19, 1863.)

We slept on our arms that night prepared to renew the battle early dawn. Nothing decisive had been done, but the enemy were very much alarmed. We had captured a good many guns from him, and had driven him from several strong positions. All night long the Yankees were busy arranging their lines, and the clatter of thousands of axes, fortifying, and the rolling of artillery to positions told us that to-morrow would be a bloody day. Numbers of wounded had been left between the lines, and their cries for help were heart-rending.

Just at daybreak we sprang to our feet and prepared for the expected attack. It did not come, however, for the Yankees had had enough of us the preceding day. Everything was so quiet this beautiful Sabbath morning that for several hours all thought there would be no fighting. About nine o'clock the terrible slaughter commenced again, and from that time until dark our ears were again deafened by such noise and confusion as seldom fall to the lot of man to hear. At sunset, despite the most determined opposition, we had driven them back at every point and they were in full retreat for Chattanooga. Then every one seemed wild with joy, from generals down to privates, and all joined in the exultant cheers that rang over that blood-stained field, telling in tones as loud as "heaven's artillery" that we were victorious. Wild shouts ran from one end of our lines to the other, even the poor wounded fellows lying about through the woods joining in.

Provisions were brought up, and, as soon as our excitement had subsided, we lay down to obtain that much-needed rest, expecting ere the night was over to start in pursuit of the retreating Yankees. We were too tired to heed the dead bodies lying all around us, so close we could almost touch them with our hands.

Contrary to the expectations and desire of every one, we remained on the battle field all day Monday, and spent the greater part of the day in rambling about over the field. The ground was thickly covered with brush and fallen limbs, which were very dry, and the batteries had in many places fired this, and some of the wounded men, unable to get out of reach of the flames, perished miserably in the fire. Our dead were all buried during the day, but the greater part of the Yankees were left where they fell.

On the 22nd, we were exposed to a very heavy fire of artillery for two or more hours. We were lying down in the grass, and numbers of the men actually went to sleep while the shells were bursting all around them. Our brigade was small at this time, numbering a thousand muskets; out of this we lost over six hundred. In my regiment the loss was ninety-eight out of one hundred and sixty-two.

We moved quietly down to Chattanooga and, forming our lines around the place, fortified and went into camp. Our lines extended from Lookout Mountain to Chickamauga River, and had a fine position.

October, 1863.—We were almost starved during this month.

The rations were very scant at best, and sometimes the railroad did not come up to time. Then it was dreadful. I well remember when for three days, in place of our meat ration of three quarters of a pound of beef, or one-sixth of a pound of bacon, we drew one spoonful of sugar daily. We were constrained to add to our allowance by "charging sutlers" and eating all other kind of trash that came in our way.

Our picket line was very near the enemy, and after a time an agreement was made to quit firing at each other, so after that it was easy work standing guard. Quite an exchange of papers, tobacco, and coffee was kept up until orders from headquarters put an end to it.

With the exception of an occasional shell, we were exposed to very little danger during this month, and had rations been more plentiful we could have had a right easy time. My mess had again been changed; there were now W. and J. Barnes, J. Stephens, and myself.

We were moved about so often that we did not have much chance for making ourselves comfortable, but by the aid of big fires we managed to keep from freezing. Part of this month the rain descended incessantly and the weather was about as bad as could be. The army continued in excellent health and spirits, notwithstanding the many trials we were subjected to, and waited for the enemy to be starved out of Chattanooga, giving him an occasional shelling by way of reminder. How we were disappointed will soon be shown.

November, 1863.—Longstreet's corps was sent to Knoxville about the first of this month. Other troops were also sent off, and add to this the short rations, bad weather, and the inactive life we had been living for two months, it will be seen that we were in poor plight for an active campaign.

On the morning of the 24th, the enemy's long lines were discovered along the outside of their fortifications. We at once knew that their expected movement had been started, and at three o'clock the sharp rattle of musketry was heard on our right, where our skirmishers were attacked. Our regiment was moved to the extreme right, where we were exposed to a pretty sharp artillery fire, and one of our company, James Mitchell, was killed. He was buried that night under circumstances which called forth a repitition from one of the company of "the burial of Sir John Moore." Poor fellow, their relative positions were considerably different.

At night we moved back to our former position and spent the night in cooking rations and carrying our baggage up the steep ridge behind us. Morning found our army in position on the top of Missionary Ridge all the troops, but skirmishers, having been withdrawn from the valley below. The enemy maneuvered about all the morning, and it was not until after midday that any general advance was made. Every movement in the plains below was visible to us, and a sublime scene was presented to our view when the massive columns began their onward march. In front of the foot of the ridge was a field half a mile in width, and as they entered this, our artillery, with one simultaneous peal, began the work of death. The Yankees crossed the field and pressed forward up the ridge. In front of our division they were easily repulsed, but our lines were broken, both on the right and left of us, and the enemy, forming at right angles to our fortifications, swept everything before him. Our brigade, commanded by Colonel Tyler, fought nobly, and when the retreat commenced marched leisurely and in good order to the rear. We were the only command of the whole left wing which was unbroken. General Bragg, in his official report, said "that the army was saved was owing to Bate's small but gallant brigade." General Bate was soon after made a major general and Colonel Tyler a brigadier.

I was marching slowly away from the top of the Ridge, and had just fired my gun at the Yankees, when I felt a sensation as if some one had struck me with a board. I knew that I had been shot, and, after an examination, started from the field. I crossed the Chickamauga River, and made my way to the railroad, hoping to get on the cars. At the station I learned that the cars would not come up, and, with many other wounded men, I started down toward Dalton. I marched all night and reached Ringgold before day. The next day I arrived at Dalton, twenty-five miles from Missionary Ridge. I was completely broken down, and my wounds were quite painful. I got on the cars here and started, on top in a cold rain, for Marietta, where I went to the hospital, but was taken the next day to an uncle's, where I was doomed to undergo much suffering.

I was very kindly treated by Dr. Setts, a practicing physician in that place, and had everything which could be supplied by friends and relatives. Uncle Ike's and James Thomas's families were living together, and the house was small and pretty full.

December, 1863-January and February, 1864.—My wounds gave me a great deal of trouble during the month of December, and it was not until Christmas that I commenced improving. I had quite a rest from soldier life, but it was too painful to be pleasant. In January, I was able to go about.

My uncles' families were living then at opposite ends of the village, and I spent my time in visiting from one to the other. I was under lasting obligations to Dr. Dupre for his kind attention, and believe he saved my life. I was also very kindly treated by Mr. Morgan and his family.

Having sufficiently recovered to be sent back to the army, about the 1st of February I rejoined my regiment at Dalton, then encamped upon a high hill one mile north of the place. My mess was very comfortably settled in a little doghouse of a place, about ten by six feet. The prospect was not very cheering, and as the surgeon told me I was unfit for duty, I got another furlough and went, rejoicing, back to Marietta.

About the last of February several divisions of the army were started to Mississippi to meet a movement in that direction, but an advance in front of Dalton necessitated their recall just as the advance reached Montgomery, Ala. The movement on Dalton was only a feint, and after a few days of skirmishing, the Yankees went back to Chattanooga. Our loss was trifling. I had gone to Hogansville when this movement commenced, and started back to my command, but had only reached Atlanta when I heard the news of the retreat, and very willingly deferred my return to the army until the expiration of my furlough.

March and April, 1864.—I procured a furlough for a few days in March and went back to Marietta, after which I made up my mind to stay with the army until wounded again or sick. Our camp life was varied by different amusements. For the religiously inclined, there was a considerable revival of religion in the brigade to attract their attention; others, not so pious, could attend the cockfights, and also take a hand at poker or seven-up. I am afraid those of a pious turn of mind were decidedly in the minority. The men of our army took up ball playing here as an amusement. Breaking down the stocks also became quite fashionable, and many laughable incidents occurred. During the winter we had much sport in snowballing, there being an unusually heavy fall of snow.

During the winter Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had superseded General Bragg in command of the army, and as part of his strategy consisted in feeding his men well, we were living upon the fat of the land, which was poor enough. The contrast to

our previous diet was so marked, however, that we imagined we were doing finely. General Johnston gave universal satisfaction, and a marked change was soon perceptible in the army. He infused a portion of his active spirit into his subordinate officers, and as a consequence we were better clothed and better provided for in every way than we had been for a year before.

The approach of warm weather told us that our work for the summer would soon begin, but no one had a thought that the task would prove so long and bloody. Near the latter part of April everything was made ready for action, and every day we listened for the sound of cannon at our outposts.

May, 1864.—We were kept in constant excitement during the first week of this month, and about the 8th were marched out in earnest. The enemy had driven in our advance and were in position at Tunnel Hill when we formed our lines at Rocky Face Ridge. They soon came up in our front, and brisk skirmishing commenced. We had excellent works and were comparatively safe. We remained here several days in full view of each other, and, being on an elevated position, we had a fine view of the fighting between the pickets. On the night of the 12th our troops evacuated Dalton and marched to Resaca. During the night of the 13th we worked at the fortifications, and on the 14th, about twelve o'clock, the enemy advanced in force and began a heavy attack. We repulsed several assaults, and about three o'clock we were sitting behind our rail piles waiting for another charge, when I was shot by a sharpshooter who had crawled within a short distance of the works. I was sitting down, closely wedged in by my companions on every side, for the position was very exposed, when all at once I felt a terrible shock and, with a sinking consciousness of dying, became insensible. In an instant I recovered my senses, and found myself with my head fallen forward on my breast and without power to move a muscle. I could hear the blood from my wound pattering on the ground, and, thinking that I was dying, almost thought I saw eternity opening before me. I felt *so weak*, so powerless that I did not know whether I was dead or not. The noise of the battle seemed miles away, and my thoughts were all pent up in my own breast. My system was paralyzed, but my mind was terribly active. My head was full of a buzzing din, and the sound of that blood falling on the ground seemed louder than a cataract. I finally recovered the use of my tongue and, still thinking I was dying, told the boys that it was no use to do anything for me, that I was a dead man. This time I could hear remarks around me, which, although very complimentary were not at all consoling. Finally Captain Lucas told the man directly behind me, J. Gee, of Company D, to catch hold of the wound and try to stop the blood. To my surprise he succeeded, and in half an hour or less time, I had sufficiently recovered my strength to start to the rear. I walked half a mile through a perfect shower of balls and reached the ambulances perfectly exhausted. I was taken to the hospital, and that night we were sent by rail to Atlanta. I suffered some from my wounds before I reached Atlanta, but was well cared for when taken to the hospital.

After a short time I was taken to Marietta, which I almost considered my home, being cared for by my aunts, and I had a delightful rest for a week; the Yankees moved us, however, so we went to Atlanta. I was in a car loaded with girls, and we took up our abode in a theater there, the Athenaeum. Here we expected to stay only a week or two, but the sequel proved a much longer term of acting on the stage.

In the action before mentioned one of my company, John Savage, was killed. Regimental loss about sixty from a hundred and fifty.

June and July, 1864.—Our stay in the theater at Atlanta was particularly pleasant. We had a merry crowd and nothing to do but to amuse ourselves, and, of course, we took advantage of the opportunity. The first week in July, having recovered from my wounds, I started back to the army and found my regiment busily engaged in fortifying just beyond the Chattahoochee River, the army having fallen back to that point.

We held our position here a few days, in full view of the enemy, with continued skirmishing in our front, and then retired to the south bank of the river. We now enjoyed two or three days of much-needed rest. On the 16th of July, General Johnston, to the deep sorrow of the whole army, was superseded in command by General Hood. On the 18th of July I received my promotion to aid. The letter from General Tyler in regard to it said: "for meritorious conduct" was the position given. Very flattering indeed. From the 16th to the 22nd we were maneuvering about and skirmishing, and on the 22nd we had a big fight. In this engagement, F. Horton, one of my old company and an intimate friend, was killed.

On the 23rd I was ordered upon duty as aid at brigade headquarters, and, mounted on a mule, under these cheering auspices, I commenced my career as a staff officer. The men of the brigade were particularly kind to me, and I got along famously.

The latter part of the month was occupied in marching and countermarching around Atlanta, and skirmishing had become so common that it excited little or no attention. The last of July found us about three or four miles west of Atlanta, well fortified, and the Yankees only a little distance from our front. They were near enough to annoy us with shells, and would occasionally hurt some one. We were well fed and in pretty good spirits.

(To be continued.)

THE NIGHT AFTER GETTYSBURG.

BY BERKELEY MINOR, CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

After reading Judge Purifoy's "Night of Horror" in the March VETERAN, I copied some notes about that night after the battle of Gettysburg from an account I wrote soon after the war, thinking another view of it, from within, as it were, would be of interest.

Near Gettysburg, July, 1863.—As night came on there were signs of movement, and we (the wounded of the Rockbridge Battery) were soon in an ambulance train, moving west and south toward Virginia. The moon was full, or near it, and the ghastly corpses of the dead Yankees on a portion of the battle field we had to pass over were a dreadful sight. It was part of the battle field of some days before, I thought, for they had been dead some time and the faces of some had the bright moonlight on them. Never had war seemed so fearful to me. They were Yankee soldiers whom our men had had no time to bury, and their friends had not been able to reach them in our lines.

We moved on for the rest of that night and all the next day. Much rain fell during the day, making our progress slow. By night we were ascending the Blue Ridge, and our progress was slower still. It was a weary time. It must have been after midnight, I think (I had no watch), when we were descending the mountain. It still rained, at times heavily, which alone would have made the movement of the long train slow on a narrow mountain road; but it became evident from the frequent stops, couriers passing, and the noise of cannon in front, that the enemy's cavalry must be trying to

cut off our train. Some dropping musketry fire was also heard.

We now seemed to be coming to the foot of the mountain and to be getting nearer and nearer to a gun which, posted to our left, was firing steadily, by the sound of the shells, apparently right across the road along which we were moving. We found out soon that the road we were on fell into the pike which ran at the foot of the mountain, and the train was turning to the right along the pike there. The enemy held the road to the left, and a gun there was firing along the pike at our train, which they could not see, as it was very dark, but they could aim by the sound. Of course, then, each team and vehicle was most exposed as it approached the turn, and went very slowly up to it and then drove like mad around it. We crawled up to it and, just before we got there, heard the gun fire and a shell got hurtling in front of us, and the teams just ahead of us dashed forward at full speed, the drivers lashing the horses tremendously. We did not get far, however, before we heard the gun, and then came the sharp crack of the shell just behind us, or somewhere very near, and the ambulance in front of us stopped—a horse was killed or something broke; but our driver had no notion of stopping to help, indeed, it would have been useless to do so. We could not have helped them in such a stampede as filled the road from side to side with vehicles of all sorts and flying cavalymen, for by this time the force of our men who had been holding the enemy back up the road must have given way, and were dashing along the road pell-mell with the wagons and ambulances.

The last thing I saw of that broken-down ambulance was a glimpse I had of poor Tom Williamson making a desperate effort to limp across the road to a house on its edge, badly wounded as he was in the foot. Then for some minutes there was a mad rush along the pike, a *saute qui peut*, the road being filled from side to side with vehicles and horses, their iron hoofs striking sheets of fire from the stony surface of the pike. I realized at what a dangerous speed we were going, and how fatal a collision with one of the heavy wagons would be, and I tried to get our driver, by whom I was sitting on the front seat, to moderate the speed, I even caught the reins and tried with my one hand to pull them in; but he had completely lost his head and just swore at me and drove harder than ever, so there was nothing for me to do but to "grin and bear it," but I thought every minute we would go down in the *mêlée*. The poor wounded men, too, in our ambulance were dreadfully shaken and hurt. But the end soon came, and our driver was made to halt very quickly by a squad of Yankee cavalry which suddenly overtook us, and, with pistols in our faces from both sides, and many oaths, ordered an instant halt. These fellows then dashed on to catch those in front and others came along in considerable numbers.

The rain had held up for some time, at least I think so, for the excitement of the last hour had been so great that I paid very little attention to the weather. But now it began to pour down, and it was very dark. I soon noticed that there was only one Yankee near us, and he much more intent on sheltering himself from the rain than in guarding his prisoners, indeed, most of them were more or less badly wounded and could not get away. I had gotten out of the ambulance and was standing near another Confederate, a stranger to me. I whispered to him that we might easily slip through the fence unobserved. He assented and, watching our opportunity when the Yankee's back was turned, we slipped into the field to the left of the road, which we thought nearest the Potomac. We had our haversacks, and my unknown friend had a pair of boots slung over his shoulder. We made our way silently,

but very slowly, across the field, for our feet sank deep in the wet soil, and soon we were safe from any pursuit, at least, for the time. For awhile we went on blindly through field and wood, guiding ourselves by the noises we tried to leave behind us. At last, these died out and we paused at an open space on a slight eminence to get breath. As we rested and looked back, we saw the flash of a cannon that lit up the somber landscape and enabled us to note its position on the slope of the mountain we had left shortly before, and then, after some seconds, came the dull roar of the report echoing from the hills around, and then a deep stillness, which was broken no more. It was strange, the sublime effect of that last flash and report of the conflict and tumult we had been in most of the night.

Never in my life did I spend half an hour's exertion to better purpose than in the effort of that night to get away from the enemy. If I had failed then, I would have had small opportunity later to escape, and as the exchange of prisoners ceased soon after this, most probably I would have spent the rest of the war in a Yankee prison, or died in one of them, as so many did in the latter part of the war. So I thank God for guiding me and helping me to escape.

By this time I had made acquaintance with my unknown friend, found out his name, and where he belonged. His name I have forgotten, though I met him once afterwards in Virginia in the Army of Northern Virginia. Should he chance to read this, I wish he would drop me a line (B. Minor, 1229 Wermland Street, Charlottesville, Va.).

We moved on farther, hoping to find some house where we might get shelter and something to eat, yet we knew we had to be very cautious, as most of the people about would not be likely to help escaped prisoners, and we were unarmed. Suddenly we came to a road, a large pike, but everything seemed quiet. We crept up to, and to our surprise, found several vehicles in the road, ambulances and wagons, but the drivers and horses were gone. We looked into one of the wagons loaded with soldiers' baggage of all sorts. Evidently it was a Confederate train left to the enemy, so each took a knapsack and went into the woods again. We gave up looking for a house in the dark, and, coming to some bark piled for the tanyard, we made a shelter of it and gladly lay down to sleep; for we had had little or no sleep for two nights. When we awoke it was day and still raining, a steady drip. Without a watch, we had no idea what time it was, but thought it was afternoon. We overhauled the knapsacks we had gotten, but found only clothes and letters, nothing to eat. I had some sugar in my haversack, which we ate, and my comrade had a bottle of whisky, of which he took a moderate drink, but I did not join him in that, as I feared it might go to my head. Then we set out for some house, as we greatly needed food. We had gone but a little way when, through the woods, which were open, with little undergrowth, we saw a column of Yankee cavalry winding along a road. We kept quiet to let them pass, but while we were watching them, a little noise attracted our attention, and we saw a Yankee cavalryman not more than ten or fifteen yards off. However, he was looking in another direction, probably being a vidette thrown out from the column we were watching. We dropped in our tracks and remained motionless, almost holding our breath, for there was very little cover, and he would surely have seen us had he looked our way. But he passed on, and we were again mercifully saved from prison. We let them all get well out of sight, and then took the road that we guessed was south, for we had no sun to go by. We saw several houses, and fell in with a citizen, a farmer, who gave us but cold comfort, telling us the whole country was full of Union troops,

who would be sure to catch us sooner or later. So we pushed on, changing our route after leaving him out of sight. We left the road and rested awhile in a cornfield, when we overheard some citizens, who came near without seeing us, but the tenor of their talk made us feel they would be more likely to harm than to help us.

It had cleared up and was near sunset, and we felt that we must make an effort to get food and lodging for the night, so we just made for the first house we saw, and this time we were guided to the house of a friend, a substantial farmer, on the right of the road and about a hundred yards from it. The people seemed to guess at once who we were, and evidently took our side of the quarrel between the North and the South. Some good old apple brandy was offered and did us much good, and we ate a hearty meal, the first since we had left Gettysburg. Before dusk, a son of the family, who came in from Leitersburg, a town not far off, alarmed the family about harboring us, and the master of the house evidently thought he would run serious risk of having his house or barn burned if we were found there. Here was a dilemma, but a friend of his, David Beck, as I afterwards learned, came in about that time and took us to his home, about a half mile off, where we had a good supper and then went to rest in his barn. There in the hay we slept delightfully after the two previous nights' vigil. This man, David Beck, seemed to have a bitter grudge against the Yankees, and was very kind to us. I have tried to reach him since the war, that I might make some acknowledgment of his kindness, but my letter was returned from Leitersburg "unclaimed."

We did not waken early the next morning, and after eating the breakfast kindly sent to us by our host, we were considering what to do next, when we were delighted to see some Confederate cavalry come filing along, and heard that the enemy had been driven away and that Lee's army was nearing the Potomac. We then bade good-by to our kind friends and set out with these Confederates for Hagerstown.

INCIDENTS IN BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KY.

BY DAVIS BIGGS, JEFFERSON, TEX.

I read with great interest, in the January *VETERAN*, Captain Carnes's account of his battery at the battle of Perryville, Ky., in October, 1862. Donelson's Brigade, at that time, in addition to Carnes's Battery, was composed of the 8th, 16th, 51st, and 38th Tennessee regiments, the latter commanded by Col. John C. Carter, who afterwards, as brigadier general, with Generals Gist and Strahl, of Cheatham's Division, was killed at Franklin.

As Captain Carnes states, we turned back at Harrodsburg, marching in the night, through Perryville, I think, about eleven miles. Cheatham's Division was on the left, in the timber, until afternoon. Up to that time there had been some skirmishing only on the right, over the possession of a small creek. About one or two o'clock, Donelson's Brigade was ordered to the right at double-quick, and about this time the artillery opened up. After going some distance, we were halted in rear of the batteries. Some of the boys began to crack walnuts while the shells and long-range Minies were dropping around and whistling overhead. Soon we advanced through a field where the grapeshot and shrapnel were rattling against the cornstalks, which had been cut and shocked up, also thinning our ranks. Here Colonel Carter's horse was killed and he himself wounded in the leg; but he continued to advance on foot until a loose horse, which had been ridden by a Federal colonel, Jackson, who had been killed in our front, was caught by a member of the regiment, and the Colonel

was assisted to mount. And, by the way, he rode that same horse, a sorrel, out of Kentucky.

Going through this field, the 38th got somewhat mixed with the 16th, Col. John H. Savage's regiment, a fine officer, a grizzled veteran of the Mexican War like General Donelson, and, I think, a West Pointer. But he called bayonets "bag-onets" when ordering his men to use them on the charge.

After passing the field, we struck a rock fence diagonally, each pushing off a few rocks to make climbing easier. This made quite a clatter, and with the firing in front and on their flank, as described by Captain Carnes, stamped the Yankee infantry, who had been steadily falling back, and caused them to retreat precipitately, leaving the batteries in our front unsupported, many of the gunners and horses having been killed or wounded. These were fine 12-pound Parrott rifles. I saw some of them many times afterwards.

Some of the prisoners we captured looked very like part of the 5,000 we had previously captured at Munfordsville, and we accused them of violating their paroles. We held possession of the field until just before day, when we fell back to Camp Dick Robinson, where we met part of Kirby Smith's force, which also looked somewhat like Yankees, as they had defeated the Federals at Richmond, Ky., and captured a lot of clothing and other supplies.

I am glad to know that Captain Carnes is still living. I am sure he remembers well our gallant Colonel Carter, and also our Lieutenant Colonel Guinn, who was badly wounded in front of Atlanta in July, 1864. Carnes's battery was often near us in camp, on the march, and in the fight. It was an inspiration to see them dash up into position, wheel around like a flash, and, with machine-like precision, begin to load and fire. They were camped near a water tank on the railroad just south of Dalton, Ga., in February, 1864, when the 38th returned to the brigade after an absence of several months in East Tennessee, on detached service. We had been traveling about a week on a freight train, coming through Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, stopping occasionally to cook and warm over fat pine and rosin fires. The weather had been cold and soap and water scarce, and when we began to unload opposite their camp, one of the battymen yelled out: "Hello! boys, here's one of them nigger regiments Jeff Davis called out."

I forgot to state that we got a lot of good, warm blankets and comfortable blue suits in this fight. I was a member of Company D, 38th Tennessee.

EFFORTS TO CAPTURE CHARLESTON, S. C., AND EVACUATION OF THE CITY.

BY ROBERT W. SANDERS, GREENVILLE, S. C.

Note, please, the word "Evacuation." Charleston was never taken by the enemy. Several determined and hard-fought assaults, designed to capture this impregnable city, were made on the water front by the enemy's fleet, and on land by way of James Island. Yet Charleston was never given up by the Confederates until February 17, 1865, the date of Sherman's capture of Columbia, the capital of the State, on his march from Savannah, Ga., through the Carolinas. If the several thousand Confederate soldiers in and around Charleston had not been withdrawn by orders from General Beauregard to General Hardee, at that time, it is reasonable to assume that Sherman would have sent a force to attack the city in the rear and thereby made prisoners of all her brave defenders.

There had been several bloody battles in front, on the sea side of the city, but these efforts to capture Charleston all

failed. The fleet of the enemy once made a daring and resolute attempt to pass through the channel between Fort Moultrie and Fort Sumter, but it was repulsed with heavy loss and a signal defeat. Again, General Denham (I think), in command of seven thousand men, landed on James Island in the early summer of 1862 and attempted to take Charleston by that route. He surprised the Confederate heavy artillery, a few companies of Col. Thomas G. Lamar's Regiment, 2nd South Carolina Heavy Artillery, occupying the sand fort at Secessionville, and but for hasty reinforcements to the Confederates, Secessionville would doubtless have fallen, and Charleston would probably have been taken finally by way of James Island.

Again, in the summer of 1863, the siege of Morris Island took place. On this sand bank near Fort Sumter, and five or six miles from the city, the Confederate heavy artillery held Battery Wagner and other sand forts for weeks after the Union forces effected a landing at the remote end of this sandy island. They used heavy guns and entrenched a strong force of infantry, and kept up a terrific bombardment and fighting through a long and bloody siege, until at last the Confederates withdrew, after much suffering and a considerable loss of life. After Morris Island was evacuated, the enemy used long-range cannon, shot down the walls of Fort Sumter, and made it impossible for the Confederates to use the cannon in Fort Sumter. But infantry troops with small arms still held the fort, being protected by bomb-proofs and the debris of battered brick walls, until February 17, 1865, when Charleston was abandoned on account of the movements of Sherman's army.

Aside from the battles mentioned, our soldiers in and around Charleston had several picket conflicts with the enemy on James Island and John's Island, and possibly at other places. From Morris Island, after that point fell into the enemy's hands in 1863, the city of Charleston was shelled almost continuously by day and night. Occasionally a shell or cannon ball would fall in the very heart of the city. The steeple of St. Michael's Church was once shot through, and shells fell in the cemeteries of St. Philip's and the First Baptist Churches, on Church Street.

The gun on Morris Island, called by the Yankees, "The Swamp Angel," with heavy mortars, did this long-range mischief. They were shot from a distance of five or six miles. Only a few lives were ever lost by these missiles, and not much material damage was suffered by the city.

On the 10th of February, 1865, just a week before Charleston was given up, a severe fight occurred on the picket line, James Island. Across this island, from the Stono River to Secessionville, some seven or eight miles, there was a strong embankment with a battery of heavy artillery and a few cannon every half mile or so, with a company, or half company, occupying each, chiefly the men of Lamar's regiment. Besides, Major Lucas's Battalion of "Regulars" held Battery Pringle and Battery Tines, along Stono River. Two or three miles in front, two regiments of negro troops, and some light artillery, commanded by white officers and supported by gunboats in Stono River, passed over Grinnall's Causeway and attacked our pickets along the marshes, who numbered not over two hundred in all. They fought bravely, however, all day, "falling back" probably a half mile or so during the whole day. When night came, the Union troops withdrew and left the Island. Both sides suffered a good deal for a small engagement. Major Manigault, a fine officer, who was in command of our pickets, was severely wounded and captured. I was on guard that day at "Battery One," manned by some sixty men of Company G, Lamar's Artillery;

and early in the morning—a bright clear day—I could see the guns and bayonets of the Union troops gleaming in the sunlight as they were crossing the embankment over the marsh, known as Grimboll's Causeway, to open their attack on our pickets. After that things were fairly quiet in and near the city of Charleston till February 17, when the Confederates (several thousand), under General Hardee, were all withdrawn during the night, partly through the city and partly by other routes near by. A goodly number passed from James Island over a bridge that spanned "Wapoo Cut," on to the mainland south of the city. Next morning the enemy landed at the east foot of Tradd Street, from the water front, and the mayor, Hon. George W. Williams, formally turned over the city to the military control of the Union army occupying that section of the sea coast of South Carolina.

A private soldier, still not much more than seventeen years old, I, of course, did not know so much as some others about the situation, so critical just then for the Confederacy and our Southland. But a good deal I did know even then, and I learned much more later on, about which I wish to tell in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, concerning our march through the Carolinas, the two battles at Averysboro and Bentonville, N. C., and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's terms with Sherman, and so on—provided, however, that more is desired after this publication.

The death rate of Southern soldiers in and near Charleston, 1861-65, was not very great, comparatively speaking, by actual conflict in battle. This was true in other cities along the sea coast; and it was so because they often fought "on the defensive," and were, to some extent, protected by forts and entrenchments. But the fatality was often quite large as caused by various sorts of diseases, more especially the fever of different types—yellow fever, typhoid, and malarial. These maladies killed many men and officers.

The heaviest losses in killed and wounded sustained by the Confederates at Charleston took place, doubtless, at Secessionville, in the naval attack, the siege of Morris Island, and the all-day picket fighting, to each of which engagements reference has been made. Colonel Lamar was wounded at Secessionville, but soon recovered, yet subsequently died of yellow fever. Captain Read was killed while directing the aim of a cannon. Some of the enemy mounted the parapet, and a few got over into the fort. Of General Denham's seven thousand many were killed and wounded in the charge, and still a greater number perhaps in the slaughter as they were retiring through the marshes after being repulsed. About two weeks later, General Denham withdrew his forces from James Island. Before the siege of Morris Island (I think it was), the enemy in barges surprised Fort Sumter one night. But they were beaten back with great loss.

SOME "SURE-ENOUGH" CONFEDERATES.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In the latter part of 1862, for what reason I know not, several State organizations were transferred to the regular army of the Confederacy, and seemingly kept that status until the end of the war. I know that the 36th Georgia was the 1st Confederate Infantry, and the 40th Tennessee was the 5th Confederate. The 4th Confederate was composed of the 1st Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi regiments, but I presume that many of these regiments were entirely new bodies. A list of their officers, as taken from the Confederate States Congressional Journal, is given in the hope that I can learn more from some one of them. This is the list:

Jacob Aderhold, ———, lieutenant colonel, 1st Confederate Infantry.

Porter J. Bibb, Alabama, quartermaster, 4th Confederate Infantry.

E. Bourges, ———, adjutant, 14th Confederate Infantry.

J. M. Browne, Kentucky, adjutant, 16th Confederate Cavalry.

T. D. Claiborne, North Carolina, lieutenant colonel, 7th Confederate Infantry.

M. C. Claiborne, North Carolina, colonel, 7th Confederate Infantry.

John T. Cox, Kentucky, colonel, 12th Confederate Cavalry.

E. M. Dodson, Georgia, major, 1st Confederate Infantry.

F. Du Monteil, Louisiana, colonel, 14th Confederate Cavalry.

H. H. Flint, Georgia, captain, 7th Confederate Cavalry.

O. G. Ginley, Arkansas, quartermaster, 5th Confederate Infantry.

Charles T. Goode, Georgia, colonel, 10th Confederate Infantry.

L. L. Goodrich, Mississippi, adjutant, 8th Confederate Infantry.

J. C. Gordon, Georgia, lieutenant colonel, 1st Confederate Infantry.

C. C. Henderson, Tennessee, colonel, 5th Confederate Infantry.

G. M. Jessee, Kentucky, lieutenant colonel, 6th Confederate Cavalry.

W. McR. Jordan, Florida, adjutant, 15th Confederate Cavalry.

S. T. Kingsberry, ———, captain, Company L, 7th Confederate Cavalry.

Marion C. Kiser, South Carolina, quartermaster, 1st Confederate Infantry.

John F. Lovin, Tennessee, second lieutenant, Company B, 3rd Confederate Infantry.

M. McCarthy, Mississippi, quartermaster, 8th Confederate Infantry.

Henry Maury, Alabama, colonel, 15th Confederate Cavalry.

T. F. Mitchell, Georgia, adjutant, 8th Confederate Infantry.

T. J. Myers, Florida, lieutenant colonel, 15th Confederate Cavalry.

John C. Noble, Kentucky, commissary, 6th Confederate Infantry.

R. H. Partridge, Florida, major, 15th Confederate Cavalry.

Omar H. Paull, Georgia, quartermaster, 10th Confederate Cavalry.

John S. Prather, Alabama, lieutenant colonel, 8th Confederate Cavalry.

John B. Rudolph, Georgia, major, 10th Confederate Infantry.

J. H. Sikes, ———, major, 7th Confederate Infantry.

M. M. Slaughter, Alabama, lieutenant colonel, 10th Confederate Infantry.

George A. Smith, Georgia, colonel, 1st Confederate Infantry.

Horace M. Smith, Alabama, adjutant, 4th Confederate Infantry.

V. H. Taliaferro, Virginia, colonel, 7th Confederate Cavalry.

Julius G. Tucker, ———, Colonel Tucker's Regiment.

John B. Villepigue, South Carolina, colonel, 1st Confederate Infantry.

W. B. Wade, Alabama, colonel, 8th Confederate Cavalry.

J. F. Wilkerson, Tennessee, adjutant, 12th Confederate Cavalry.

J. P. Wilson, Tennessee, second lieutenant, Company B, 3rd Confederate Infantry.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

TAPS.

BY W. H. GIBBS, COLUMBIA, S. C.

One by one they pass away,
Heroes of sixties and to-day;
As soldier and as citizen,
In every trial noblemen;
When forced by numbers war to cease,
In sterner strife they conquered peace.

In early, care-free days of youth
They learned to ride and speak the truth,
The mean to hate, the wrong to shun,
The right to guard tho' blood should run;
Now that the living all are old,
Their sunset sky is bright with gold.

The youngest, nearing fourscore years,
The sound of drum at tattoo hears;
As once the bugle blew retreat
While glory honored his defeat,
So calmly now his form he wraps
In robe to lay down at Taps.

ROBERT M. STEVENS.

The death of Robert M. Stevens at his home on the Fairview Road, Asheville, N. C., on January 7, 1925, removed the last of the well-known *eight* "Stevens Brothers" of Buncombe County.

He was the son of Henry and Nancy Stevens, and was born September 6, 1845, at the Stevens homestead, long a picturesque old landmark on the Hendersonville Road, five miles south of Asheville. This home was noted throughout this section for the genuine Southern hospitality it extended. Scarcely a day went by but the lumbering old stagecoach passing its door stopped and a guest alighted. It housed a big, happy family—nine sons and two daughters growing to manhood and womanhood within its doors. Loge and Andy, two slaves, who could handle a banjo and fiddle with so much skill and joyous abandon that even the most phlegmatic feet were bewitched, played for their old-fashioned dances and big parties. It was a typical Southern country family of the sixties.



ROBERT M. STEVENS.

When the War between the States broke out and the call came for Southern men, Robert Stevens and *seven* of his brothers answered (one had died a few years previous). They donned their suits of gray and marched away to fight for their old home and thousands of others like it in our Southland. They fought bravely, courageously, and honorably throughout the whole war, the Stevens brothers being represented in every battle from Murfreesboro to Bentonville. No enemy ever had a chance to shoot at their backs. Mr. Stevens and five of his brothers belonged to the 60th North Carolina Regiment.

They fought their last battle at Bentonville, N. C., under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, whom they all loved and revered. Though wounded and imprisoned at different times, they all returned home alive at the close of the war, and the circle was unbroken until 1901, when the death of Thomas N. Stevens occurred.

This Stevens family sent out the largest number of *brothers* from any one family in Buncombe County to join the Confederacy, and, so far as we have been able to learn, the largest number from any one family in North Carolina. They were all born in the county of Buncombe, spent their lives within its borders, and all lie buried in the bosom of its hills except Alfred, who is buried in the adjoining county of Macon.

Although of a retiring and unassuming disposition, never engaging in public debate on political struggles, Comrade Stevens was well-informed, and was deeply interested in the welfare of his country and his fellow man until the day of his death.

The last but one of a large family, the passing of Robert Morris Stevens was marked with genuine and widespread sorrow and regret. He will be remembered as a kind and generous neighbor, a loyal friend, a good citizen, a courteous gentleman.

He was buried at Gash's Creek Church Cemetery beside his wife, who was Miss Louisa Camilla Sherrill, who died eleven years ago.

Among the large number attending his funeral were many of his old comrades. His grave was heaped with beautiful flowers, including a design from the Asheville Chapter, U. D. C., and one from the C. S. M. A., of Asheville. A silken Confederate flag fluttered above it in the breeze, which was a fitting testimonial to a gallant Confederate soldier, the last of the eight Stevens brothers who wore the gray.

He is survived by one son, James Edgar Stevens, and one daughter, Mrs. Albert Reed, both of Fairview Road, Asheville, N. C. Also one sister, Mrs. N. A. Penland, of Swannanoa, N. C.

CAPT. J. K. THOMPSON.

Capt. John K. Thompson died at Point Pleasant, W. Va., on January 3, 1925, after some ten years of invalidism. He had passed his fourscore of years.

Comrade Thompson was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute and served in the Confederate army with conspicuous gallantry, both as captain of a company and as adjutant, receiving four major wounds and others of lesser nature, losing an eye in a fight in Greenbrier.

After the war, he spent the larger part of his life on his farm in Putnam County, removing to Point Pleasant about ten years ago.

Of an old Whig family, he took a prominent part in politics, and had served the State as legislator and the government as United States marshal. He was never married.

COL. HENRY C. GILLILAND.

Henry C. Gilliland was born of Irish parentage near the Grandberry lead mines in Missouri, March 11, 1845, and died at his home in Altus, Okla., April 21, 1924, after a long illness.



HENRY C. GILLILAND.

When Henry was eight years old, his father, Joseph C. Gilliland, took his family of eight children, six boys and two girls, to Texas, finally locating in Parker County, eleven miles north of Weatherford. Joseph Gilliland died soon after going to Parker County, but the boys worked hard and soon had a good farm under fence and a home built, by which their condition was greatly improved. The educational facilities were very poor, but by diligence and perseverance, Henry Gilliland acquired a good business education and was a splendid scribe. He served a term as court clerk of Parker County, and at his death was serving his seventh term as justice of the peace of Altus, Okla.

In February, 1863, at the age of seventeen, Henry Gilliland enlisted in Company H, 2nd Texas Cavalry, and served to the end of the war. He then joined the Texas Rangers and was soon made captain of his company, during which time he engaged in many hard-fought battles with the Indians and outlaws.

For many years he was adjutant of Altus Camp, No. 1417 U. C. V., and had served one term as Commander of the Third Brigade, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V. He had also been appointed by Gen. William Taylor, commanding the Oklahoma Division, as Adjutant General and Chief of Staff for the Division.

Comrade Gilliland was a violinist of note, being the champion fiddler of five States, and he was considered the greatest "fiddler" of the world. He had been called to New York City and his playing recorded by a phonograph company, and its thus reproduced everywhere.

He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Susan Borden, of Texas, whom he married in December, 1869. Of their eight children, four boys and four girls, five are now living. His second marriage was to Mrs. Mollie Aldridge, of Fort Worth, in August, 1914, and who died in 1917.

Colonel Gilliland was a devout Christian, having been a member of the Baptist Church for many years and always in his place in Sunday school and church. Funeral services were held at the Baptist church, with the largest gathering ever in the church and many beautiful floral offerings. The burial services were conducted by his Confederate comrades, Daughters of the Confederacy, and the I. O. O. F.

ARKANSAS COMRADES.

The following comrades of Camp Stonewall Jackson, No. 1684 U. C. V., of Altus, Ark., have died since our last report: W. T. Nichols, Stand Watie's Battery of Arkansas, died October 11, 1924, at the age of eighty years.

P. R. Standfield, Company D, 1st Georgia Confederate Regiment, died December 11, 1924, aged eighty years.

Comrade Standfield was adjutant of Camp Stonewall Jackson for several years.

[A. T. Jones, *Commander*.]

CAPT. T. C. HOLLAND.

On February 12, 1925, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Blankenship, in Steedman, Mo., Capt. T. C. Holland passed to his reward. He was born February 16, 1841, in Bedford County, Va., and was educated in the schools of the county.

At the outbreak of War between the States, young Holland enlisted, in the month of April, in the Patsy Lane Rifles, a volunteer company, which was mobilized and mustered into the service at Lynchburg, Va., as Company G, 28th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Brigade, Longstreet's Division. He was elected, at the beginning, orderly sergeant of his company.

His command took a conspicuous part in the first battle of Manassas, and was afterwards sent to the Virginia Peninsula, participating in the spring campaign under command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. At Williamsburg, they were engaged from the beginning to the end of the battle and sustained heavy losses. Following this bloody conflict, young Holland was elected lieutenant. His command was one of the first engaged in the opening of the Seven Days battles around Richmond. At Gaines's Mill, he seized the flag of his regiment and led his company in the famous charge that broke McClellan's line. Here he fell desperately wounded and was picked up and sent from the field. Recovering from his wounds, he joined his company and was promoted to captain. At Gettysburg, he fell at the stone wall beside his brave commander, General Garnett, both seemingly mortally wounded. General Garnett died on the spot, and Captain Holland lay there until the next day, when he was sent by the Federal authorities to a hospital and finally recovered. He was then sent to Johnson's Island and held as a prisoner of war until the surrender of the armies of the Confederacy.

After the war, Captain Holland went to Missouri, where he made his home, first at Fulton. Finishing his education at Westminster College, he then entered the mercantile business at Sedalia, and later at Kansas City. He was a faithful and helpful member of the Church and was a Christian who exemplified a spotless character as gentleman, friend, and public-spirited citizen.

He was a tireless worker in the veteran organizations and was at the time of his death, and had been for many years, Commander of the Eastern Brigade of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., with the rank of brigadier general.

GEORGE FISHER HARRISON.

George Fisher Harrison, of Goochland, Va., died on January 17, 1925, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Hendricks, near Gordonsville, Va., at the age of seventy-nine. The funeral services were at Christ Church, of which he was a member and vestryman.

The dominant experience of Comrade Harrison's long and useful life came to him in tender youth as a soldier in the War between the States. He enlisted with Pegram's Artillery in the fall of 1863, at the age of sixteen, and began active service in the spring of 1864. He served with his regiment until the close of the war, being one of the small remnant who surrendered at Appomattox. If he could have chosen his day of burial, he would have been content to have it fall, as it did, on the natal day of General Lee.

Mr. Harrison was distinguished by a cordial manner, which to all who knew him was the index of a heart that overflowed in good will to all. In his later years, his chief pleasure was in local and general reunions of Confederate veterans. The gray, in which he bravely fought and which he so proudly wore in old age, was his shroud.

CAPT. AMOS R. SHARIT.

Death has again invaded our ranks and taken from us our friend and fellow comrade, Capt. Amos R. Sharit, who enlisted in Company A, 1st Florida Infantry, which was one of the first companies to be mustered into service of the War between the States. Comrade Sharit was born on Saturday, March 12th, 1842, and passed away within six days of his eighty-third anniversary. He is survived by his wife, four children, twelve grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren.

We deem it worthy to give a short episode of his war record while in camp at Pensacola, Fla. General Bragg, in command of the troops stationed there, called for volunteers to embark to Santa Rosa Island, where they expected to capture Fort Pickens, garrisoned by the New York Zouaves. This expedition was entrusted to Gen. Richard Henry Anderson, of South Carolina, an old army officer. To volunteer were four hundred Floridians and two hundred and fifty Georgians, and, in addition to these, there was one independent company from Georgian and one artillery company. The troops landed on Santa Rosa Island at 2 o'clock on the morning of October 9, 1860, surprised the camp of New York Zouaves, and their camps and buildings were set on fire. Finding it impossible to inflict further damages on the Federals, General Anderson ordered a retreat. Twenty prisoners were taken by the Confederates. The Federal loss was fourteen killed and thirty-six wounded. Confederate loss, twenty-eight killed, thirty-nine wounded, and thirty captured. In this battle Captain Sharit was severely wounded, the ball passing through his body below his right shoulder. He was carried to the hospital at Pensacola where he remained for several months. When discharged as cured of his wound, his loyalty and patriotism prompted him to reenlist, and he served his Southland until the surrender.

Thus has passed to his eternal rest a brave, dutiful, genial, generous, golden-hearted Confederate veteran. To our Comrade Sharit were given the sincerest tears and the most truthful tributes ever given to a simple, honest, white-souled soldier. Peace to his ashes!

We share the sorrow of his family, for we as well have lost a dear soldier comrade.

[Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant.]

JOHN H. MORGAN CAMP, OF COMMERCE, GA.

The following members of John H. Morgan Camp, No. 1330 U. C. V., have answered the last roll since October, 1924:

W. C. Davis, Company E, 18th Georgia Infantry.

W. A. Dale, Company I, 27th South Carolina Regiment.

D. I. Hoopaugh, Company E, 16th Georgia Battalion of Cavalry.

Thomas L. Carson, Company A, 2nd Georgia Regiment.

M. L. Jewell, Company K, 8th Georgia Regiment.

R. M. Hamilton, 2nd South Carolina Regiment.

These were all brave and true soldiers of the Confederacy, and also true soldiers of the cross.

[G. L. Carson, Adjutant.]

JAMES W. CUNNINGHAM.

James W. Cunningham was born February 15, 1844, in Hardy County, Va. (now W. Va.), and died at his home near Reese's Mills, Mineral County, W. Va., March 26, 1924.

In 1862, at the age of eighteen years, he answered the call of the South to defend her from invasion, and joined Capt. George F. Sheets's Company of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V. A Culpeper Courthouse he was wounded in the arm, and carried the bullet to the grave. Though once captured, he was soon exchanged and served through the war to the end at Appomattox.

Comrade Cunningham is survived by his wife, who was Miss Lizzie Seymour, and a son and daughter.

DR. M. S. BROWNE.

Dr. Moreau Sequard Browne, one of the leading citizens of Winchester, Ky., a devoted friend and patron of the VETERAN, died at his home in that city on March 2, 1925, after many months of declining health.

Dr. Browne was born in Carter County, Tenn., November 3,



DR. M. S. BROWNE.

1844, the son of Isaac H. and Ruth Nave Browne. At the age of seventeen, he volunteered as a private in the 37th Tennessee Infantry, and served in that command, the 57th Tennessee Infantry, and the 6th North Carolina Cavalry, to the close of the war. He was discharged with the rank of ensign.

After the war he was in North Carolina for a year, then removed to Robertson County, Ky., in 1867. Shortly afterwards he went to New York City as a student of medicine, in which he graduated in 1872. He then returned to Kentucky and practiced for a time at Mount Olivet, later going to Louisville and graduating from the law school there in 1874. He practiced law for a time at Mount Olivet, but ill health caused his removal to Cassville, Ga., in 1876, where he practiced law until 1883, when he located in Winchester, Ky., and he built up a large and lucrative medical practice. He had been a leading citizen of that community, taking part in all movements of public welfare and improvements and serving ten years on the city council.

In 1868, Dr. Browne was married to Miss Martha Congleton, of Nicholas County, Ky., who died in 1886, leaving a son and daughter. His second marriage was to Miss Martha Clay Prewitt, of Winchester, who died in 1924. A son of this marriage was accidentally killed while a student at Oxford, Miss. He is survived by a son, Dr. I. H. Browne, of Winchester, and a daughter, Mrs. James W. Chambers, of Clinton, Miss.; also by two grandchildren.

Dr. Browne was a member of the Presbyterian Church and always active in his religious duties.

W. S. EADDY.

On the morning of December 31, 1924, W. S. Eaddy, well known as "Grandpa" or "Uncle Spy," died at Lake City, Fla., after an illness of two days. He was a man of rare personality, a self-made man in every sense of the term. He was a Confederate veteran, called to fight for his country while in his teens, and faithfully did his part through four years of service, enduring many hardships. After the war, he returned home, and the following year he married Mrs. Criss Lawrence (Miss Mary Stone), who preceded him to the grave some fourteen years.

Comrade Eaddy was a Christian gentleman, a man of charming manner, and attracted all who came in contact with him. He was of unusual vitality, both physically and mentally, for one of his advanced age, having celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday in June. He walked a great deal, going from house to house and talking to the people about following Jesus, whom he so much loved. He was a member of the board of supervisors of registration of Williamsburg County for many years.

Surviving him are three sons and two daughters, also five brothers. Interment was at the family burying ground, and four grandsons and two nephews acted as pallbearers.

CHARLES JONES FARRIS.

Charles J. Farris, born and reared in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Ala., was the oldest of the five children of David and Martha Parton Farris, and was born April 4, 1843. He died on December 25, 1924, at Bridgeport, where his life had been spent.

At the beginning of War between the States, young Farris enlisted in the Confederate army and was a true and faithful soldier to the end. He served with Company I, Capt. W. J. Matthews, 17th Tennessee Regiment, Zollicoffer's Brigade. His first battle was at Mill Springs, Ky., and he was surrendered by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina.

"Uncle Dick," as he was widely known, was a charter member of the Bridgeport Camp, U. C. V. He attended all reunions far and near, and also many U. D. C. meetings. He is survived by a brother, D. C. Farris, of California, and a niece, Mrs. Whit Lawson, of Bridgeport, with whom he lived. His wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Moore, died some years ago. His passing leaves only six members of his camp at Bridgeport.

[Mrs. Eleanor Haley, Bridgeport Chapter U. D. C.]

R. W. CHOATE.

From memorial resolutions passed by Jeff Lee Camp, No. 68 U. C. V., of McAlester, Okla., the following is taken:

"On the 13th of October, 1924, the immortal spirit of our honored and beloved comrade, R. W. Choate, took leave of its earthly tenement. In the last few years of his life, Comrade Choate was the victim of several painful accidents, which impaired his health and rendered him a cripple.

"As a Confederate soldier, he served in Cabell's Brigade, Dobbin's old regiment, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, commanded later by Colonel Gordon, M. M. Bateman being captain of his company.

Comrade Choate was born in Arkansas, November 29, 1844. He removed to Texas, and thence to Oklahoma, about thirty-five years ago, in which State he resided until his death.

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade R. W. Choate, this Camp has lost a loyal member, the community a patriotic citizen, the Church a zealous and devoted member, and the family a kind and loving father."

[M. G. McDonald, S. S. Haile, W. A. Treadwell, Committee.]

JOHN B. FAY.

John B. Fay, a native of Cumberland, Md., died at his home, Dunn Loring, Fairfax County, Va., January 16, 1925, in his eighty-second year. He enlisted at the beginning of the war in Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade, and a year later was transferred to McNeill's Rangers, a company organized for scout duty along the Potomac between Martinsburg, W. Va., and Cumberland, Md., in which he served to the close of the war.

Comrade Fay planned the capture of Generals George Crook and Benjamin Kelly in Cumberland, Md., February 21, 1865, the city being garrisoned with 8,000 Federal troops. He worked out all the preliminaries of the capture and served as pilot for fifty scouts, entering the city on the southwest, capturing two squads of pickets on the way, and after securing the generals, whose headquarters were in separate hotels, led the way out of the city on the east side, and after a race of a hundred miles delivered the generals safe and sound to Confederate authorities, "the most daring and thrilling incident of the entire war," according to Gen. John B. Gordon in his "Reminiscences of the War."

[J. W. Duffey, Washington, D. C.]

COMRADES AT FORT SMITH, ARK.

The following members of Camp Ben T. Duval, No. 246 U. C. V., of Fort Smith, Ark., have died since the Memphis reunion:

Dr. R. M. Osborn, Company H, Engineering Corps; died June, 1924, aged seventy-nine years.

J. M. Keese, Richmond Grays, 1st Virginia Infantry, died September 26, 1924, aged eighty-three years.

Thomas L. Fuller, Company F, 3rd Alabama Cavalry, died December 9, 1924, aged eighty-two years.

Our Camp has only six active members left, but we are planning to send delegates to the Dallas reunion. The average age of the members is eighty-two years and nine months.

[Joe M. Scott, Adjutant.]

IVEY F. REDDICK.

Ivey F. Reddick, who died December 4, 1924, in his eighty-ninth year, in Darlington County, S. C., belonged to the Pee Dee Light Artillery, Pegram's Battalion, Jackson's Corps, and served through the entire war—a gallant and efficient soldier.

In the reconstruction period which followed the war, Mr. Reddick did a man's part in the redemption of his State. His wife died some years ago, and he is survived by five sons and one daughter. The funeral services were held at High Hill Baptist Church, of which Mr. Reddick had been a consistent member for so many years, and his body was laid to rest in the churchyard.

[Mattie M. Brunson, Historian Maxey Gregg Chapter, U. D. C., Florence, S. C.]

JAMES W. HAYNES.

At the age of ninety-four years, James Wilson Haynes died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mollie Crossman, in Joplin, Mo., in which community he had lived for more than forty-five years. As a Confederate soldier, he served under General Price and General Lee.

Besides his four daughters and three sons, he is survived by one hundred and thirty-five grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren; also by four brothers and a sister.

JUDGE GEORGE R. BRIGGS.

On the 12th of October, 1924, death came suddenly to Judge George R. Briggs at his home in Douglas, Ga. He would have completed his eighty-fifth year on December 29. He was born in St. Louis County, Mo., but his parents removed to Virginia when he was two years old, and in that State he was reared and educated, graduating from the University of Virginia.

Answering the call of the South in 1861, George Briggs served faithfully through the war, as a member of Company —, — Virginia Regiment, and his record was that of a brave and gallant soldier. He was a member of Camp Spivey, U. C. V., of Douglas, and was always interested in whatever pertained to the history of the South in the sixties.

After the war, George Briggs went to Georgia, locating at Reynolds, where he married Miss Bessie Taylor in 1872. He taught school at Reynolds and other places in Georgia, and at one time was president of the Female College at Perry. He went to Alabama in 1893 and in that State was admitted to the bar for the practice of law, and later in the year located at Douglas, Ga., which has since been his home. There his three children were born, only four of whom survive him—three daughters and a son; his wife died in 1898.

Judge Briggs retired from active practice some years ago. He was a lifelong member of the Baptist Church, being a charter member of the Church at Douglas, and had probably filled every office of that Church, and was senior deacon and teacher of the Bible class at his death. He was also a Mason of many years' standing.

A beloved citizen has passed from that community, a man whose friends were numbered in every walk of life. His long life of Christian citizenship will ever be an inspiration to those who follow him.

DAVID PEECEE VANMETER.

David Peerce VanMeter, son of William C. VanMeter and Martha Ann Peerce, was born in Hardy County, W. Va., February 20, 1844, and died at his home, Moose Range, Saskatchewan, Canada, December 6, 1924. In November, 1871, he was married to Kate A. Seymour, of Petersburg, W. Va., who died in 1874. His second wife was Bettie Peerce Vause, of Mattoon, Ill., and to them were born seven sons and one daughter.

He united with the Presbyterian Church at Moorefield, W. Va., May 19, 1860, was elected to the eldership of the Church in 1897, and served faithfully in that office for thirteen years, during which time he was called on often to represent his Church in Presbytery and Synod.

In 1910, he removed with his family from his home in the Old Fields to Canada, locating near Winnipeg, Manitoba, but later he and four sons took up homesteads in Saskatchewan, building their homes on adjoining sections. Thus he and his sons became pioneers of the great Northwest, with its hardships and joys, even as his forefathers were pioneers of the South Branch Valley of the Potomac in the early part of the eighteenth century. He was a worthy son of the sturdy, honest settlers of the valley.

When eighteen years of age, Comrade VanMeter enlisted for the Confederacy, serving in Company F, 7th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry A. N. V., to the surrender at Appomattox. Eighteen months of the time he was in prison, first at Point Lookout, and later at Fort Delaware.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter, and six sons, also by three sisters and one brother.

DR. O. T. DOZIER.

After an illness of some weeks, Dr. O. T. Dozier, pioneer resident of Birmingham, died at his home in that city on February 10, 1925, at the age of seventy-six years. He was a citizen much beloved, having been prominently connected with the development and improvement of the city.

Orion Theophilus Dozier, son of Dr. Thomas Henry and Martha Dayle Dozier, was born in Marion County, Ga., August 18, 1848. His father was a Methodist minister, and served as a hospital surgeon with the rank of major in the Confederate army. The family came of Colonial and Revolutionary ancestry, pioneers of Virginia. One ancestor is mentioned as Daniel Marshall, an Indian fighter and founder of the first Baptist Church established in Georgia. The Doziers were French Huguenots who emigrated to England and then to Virginia, the first of the name coming to America with Capt. John Smith.

Dr. Dozier graduated from the Atlanta Medical College in 1874, and then took a special course in the medical department of the Illinois University, and began practicing at Attalla, Ala., in 1874, and for some years practiced in Missouri and Georgia. In 1890, he located at Birmingham and established a medical institute.

During the War between the States, he served with Company A, 2nd Georgia Regiment. He was married in 1874 to Miss Elizabeth Lewis Powers, of Campbell County, Ga., and is survived by two sons and six daughters.

Dr. Dozier was a writer of ability and had published several volumes of poems. He was also an inventor of note, among his inventions being a rapid-fire gun.

CAPT. AARON G. DAVIS.

One of the best and most valuable members of Camp Townsend has been lost in the death of Capt. A. G. Davis, Commander of the Camp in its early days, and at the time of his death, January 29, 1925, serving as First Lieutenant Commander. He was an enthusiastic Confederate at all times, his greatest pleasure being to assist his comrades of the gray and their widows and to meet with friends and comrades at the reunions.

Captain Davis was born in Kentucky, February 1, 1845. The family moved to Ellis County, Tex., in 1860, and he there enlisted in Stone's Regiment in 1861; was afterwards a member of Company C, 34th Texas Cavalry, under Col. A. W. Terrell, Buchel's Brigade, Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. He was in the campaigns in Louisiana and Arkansas, participating in the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, Blair's Landing, Yellow Bayou; and was in all of Kirby Smith's campaigns in Louisiana until Bank's army was whipped out of the State. After the surrender east of the Mississippi, his command was ordered to Hempstead, Tex., and was surrendered by Gen. Kirby Smith to General Canby on Union gunboats at Galveston, May 26, 1865.

In 1868, Comrade Davis moved to Calvert, Tex., the terminus at that time of the H. & T. C. R. R. He was a contractor and built many of the first houses of the town. In his last years he was a member of the Baptist Church and had been for forty years an officer in the Masonic Lodge at Calvert.

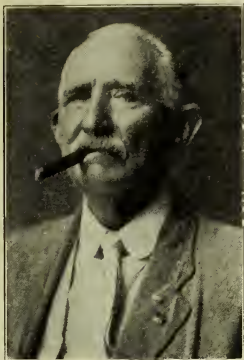
After services at the Baptist Church, he was laid away with Masonic rites. His coffin was draped with the Confederate flag, as he had wished. A good man and a true friend, a gallant Confederate soldier has crossed the silent river to bivouac with his comrades of the army in gray.

[J. K. P. Hanna, Adjutant Camp Townsend, No. 111 U. C. V.]

THOMAS NATION SHEARER.

Thomas Nation Shearer, born in Blountsville, Ala., December 29, 1844, died at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 25, 1924.

The family removed to Mississippi in 1849, and there, in April, 1861, Thomas Shearer enlisted in Capt. T. H. Shackelford's Company E, 4th Regiment, Confederate States Infantry. He was captured with the entire command at Island No. 10, in May, 1862, and was in prison at Camp Douglas for ten months. Exchanged at Vicksburg, the command was reorganized as Company D, 54th Alabama Regiment, Col. Alpheus Baker, who was later made brigadier general and attached to the division of Major General Loring. The command engaged



THOMAS N. SHEARER.

in the defense of Vicksburg, and was in the battle of Baker's Creek. Cut off from Pemberton's army, General Loring, by skillful maneuvering, marched his command, under cover of night, around the left wing of Sherman's army to Jackson, where it was actively engaged until the fall of Vicksburg. It was then sent to Mobile, Ala., becoming part of the army under Lieut. Gen. Leonidas Polk. During the remarkable campaign in Georgia, it was sent to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, reaching the Army of Tennessee at Resaca, May 17, 1864.

It was in the heat of stirring events as the army slowly retreated seventy-four days along a line of one hundred miles, scarcely ever out of the sound of the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry; the picket line almost a regular line of battle, bloody skirmishes almost daily, sometimes rising to the dignity of pitched battles, as at Resaca, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, Kenesaw Mountain, and Marietta. All through those strenuous days and nights the young soldier bore himself with the fortitude and courage of the veteran he had become. On the 20th of July, 1864, at Peachtree Creek, in the assault on the enemy's position, he was painfully wounded, a hurt from which in his later years he suffered much discomfort. After the fall of Atlanta, his command was returned to Mobile, where it was on duty until the end. In May, 1865, he was surrendered with the forces of Lieut. Gen. Dick Taylor, at Citronelle, Ala.

Some time after his return to Okolona, he was engaged in business at Starkville, Miss. In the awful days of reconstruction, the same steady, fearless qualities that had characterized the true soldier made him in that perilous time a valuable, trusted citizen.

He was twice happily married. First, in May, 1869, to Miss Anna Longstreet Lucas, and to them were born two sons and five daughters, all surviving except one son. His second marriage, in 1895, was to Miss Bessie Longstreet, a cousin of his first wife, and both nieces of Gen. James Longstreet. An adopted son, nephew of his second wife, was also reared in his home as an own child.

Few men have lived fourscore years more worthily than Comrade Shearer. As a soldier, brave and faithful; loyal, as a citizen. The parole he had given when he laid down his rifle

meant to his honest soul just what it said. He never wavered though, from his firm conviction that the cause he had struggled to the very best of his ability to maintain was absolutely just. An upright, honorable gentleman, tender, gentle in his home life. Better than all, and perhaps the foundation of his high character, he was a devout Christian. He had gone with a daughter and other relatives to the home of another daughter, Mrs. Mahlon Brown, at Murfreesboro, Tenn., to celebrate the happy holidays. In the midst of the joyous festivities, suddenly the last call came, and calmly he passed away to join the loved ones who had already crossed the dark river and to meet and greet his beloved comrades on the parade grounds of eternity.

His body was taken back to the Mississippi home, and there, on Sunday December 27, surrounded by a throng of sorrowing friends, clad in his gray uniform, with the flag so dearly loved folded across his breast, all that was mortal of this good, true man was laid to rest.

"Lord, keep his memory green."

Besides his immediate family, there are left to mourn the loss of a loved and honored brother, two sisters, both widows of Confederate soldiers, and an older brother, who served throughout under General Cleburne. A younger brother, who served two years in Forrest's Cavalry, died some years ago. [A Comrade.]

WILLIAM EDWIN BEVENS.

With the death of William E. Bevens, of Newport, Ark., on August 5, 1924, the last survivor of the Jackson Guards, organized at Jacksonport, Ark., has passed to the eternal camping ground.

William Bevens was born at Morganton, N. C., on March 5, 1841, the family removing to Arkansas in 1843 and locating at Jacksonport. He began working in his brother's drug store there in 1856, and when the war came on he enlisted with Company G, known as the Jackson Guards, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, May 5, 1861, and served throughout the war. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and also took part in the battles at Ringgold Gap, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Franklin, and Nashville. The cause of the Confederacy was ever dear to him, and he was the moving spirit in the erection of the Confederate monument at Newport, Ark., his home town. On this are the names of every member of Company G, and every year, as the only living member, he visited the monument and placed on it a wreath in memory of his comrades. Some years ago he published his "Reminiscences of a Private," a tribute also to his comrades of the gray.

After the war, Comrade Bevens opened a drug store at Jacksonport, and was in business there until 1880, when he removed to Batesville, and ten years later located at Newport, where he had been in the drug business with his son, and was actively at work until his last illness. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Jennie Green, and two sons; also by a sister at Archer, Tex.

The life of this comrade was one of unselfish service and devotion to family and friends, and friends increased in number with the advancing years. A true Christian, he was charitable with his means and thoughts and words. His comrades of the gray found in him sympathy and help when needed. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was his never-failing companion, and he read it religiously. His copies, carefully preserved, were given to the school library to be used in teaching the history of the sixties.

After funeral services at the First Methodist Church, of which he was a life-long member, his body was taken to Batesville and there laid away to await the resurrection morn.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. FRANK HARROLD, *President General*
Americus, Ga.

MRS. J. T. BEAL, Little Rock, Ark. *First Vice President General*
1701 Center Street

MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Second Vice President General*

MRS. CHARLES S. WALLACE, Morehead City, N. C. *Third Vice President General*

MRS. ALEXANDER J. SMITH, New York City. *Recording Secretary General*
411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street

MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, Cambridge, Mass. *Corresponding Secretary General*
11 Everett Street

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Treasurer General*
5330 Pershing Place

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, Charleston, S. C. *Historian General*
41 South Battery

MRS. W. J. WOODLIFF, Muskogee, Okla. *Registrar General*
917 North K Street

MRS. W. H. ESTABROOK, Dayton, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
645 Superior Avenue

MRS. W. D. MASON, Philadelphia, Pa. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
8233 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. D. Wright, Official Editor, Newberry, S. C.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the *United Daughters of the Confederacy*: The 1925 reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held May 19-22, at Dallas, Tex. This annual event is one of the most important occasions of the year to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. In many ways it transcends in importance even our own general convention, and its regular recurrence always brings intense interest and enthusiasm to the members of our organization.

It is a joyous privilege and an honor for the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with hearts brimming eagerness and with generosity that glories in the gift, to cheer life's eventide for those gray patriots who followed the Stars and Bars.

There are two flourishing Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Dallas, and we know that every effort will be made to insure the success of the reunion. Mrs. J. C. Muse, a former President General, is President of the Dallas Chapter, while Mrs. Julian Wells is President of the Bonnie Blue Flag Chapter, organized last year by Mrs. J. F. Self, with a charter membership of one hundred and thirteen members.

The President General has suggested that during the reunion a dinner be given for the Division Presidents, following the plan of the Presidents' dinner given annually at the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Hugh Miller, 917 West Thirty-Eighth Street, Kansas City, Mo., has been named to make preliminary arrangements for this dinner, and all Division Presidents planning to attend the reunion will please notify Mrs. Miller. At the request of General Thomas, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, the President General has named Miss Lucy Kirk Scott, daughter of Mrs. James Scott, of Lynchburg, Va., a former President of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., as Maid of Honor for the South, to represent our organization on his staff. Miss Scott has graciously accepted the appointment. The honor of representing the United Daughters of the Confederacy as Matron for the South on the staff of the Commander in Chief has been accepted by the President General.

The minutes of the annual convention at Savannah will have been distributed by the time this letter reaches you. Since the minutes comprise a permanent record of our work during the past year, as well as the program adopted for the new year, it is essential that each Chapter be provided with several copies of this volume in order to direct properly U. D. C. activities. Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General, 411 West One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, New York, will furnish copies at twenty-five cents each.

Memorial Day.—It is through the patriotic observance of

such anniversaries as Memorial Day that it is possible to inspire the youth of to-day with the great lessons of the glorious past. Daughters of the Confederacy have always striven to celebrate this day in a manner befitting its significance, and, I am sure, each Chapter will this year again pay proper tribute to our heroes, thereby making of their lives a living force for future good.

By a unanimous vote of the members of the Executive Board, a request for a Cross of Service for the collection of War Medals at the Smithsonian Institution has been granted, and the Cross has been forwarded by the Custodian of Crosses.

Adopting as a slogan the pledge, "Every Member Get a Member," let us ask ourselves these questions:

What am I doing to prove my interest in my own U. D. C. Chapter; in helping it to achieve its objects and purposes?

Can my friends who do not belong to the U. D. C. recognize my interest in the work by the work I do myself?

Do I attend the U. D. C. meetings as often as I should?

How can my fellow members classify me? "Interested," "Enthusiastic," "Cold," or "Indifferent!" Can they list me as a worker, eager to serve, or as a drone, merely a "hanger-on?"

What have I done during the past six months of genuine benefit to the U. D. C.?

Are my criticisms of my own Chapter and our organization honest and with good intent?

Is it right for me to leave all the work to others and yet expect an equal share in benefits?

What kind of a Daughter am I, anyhow?

In its struggle for independence in the sixties, the South had the sympathy of more than one foreign nation, and among its soldiery were number of foreign volunteers of noble birth. Of these was the Prince de Polignac, who gave to the Confederate government that sympathy and support that the Marquis de Lafayette had earlier given the American colonies in their struggle against the English crown. When war between the southern and northern sections of the United States was declared in April, 1861, the Prince de Polignac immediately offered his sword to that side which personified, for him, the opinions he had cherished all his life. His offer was immediately accepted by the Confederate government, and, on July 16, 1861, he received the rank of lieutenant colonel of infantry in the armies of the Confederacy.

General Polignac displayed great valor and spirit at the battle of Mansfield, La., where he won a complete victory under the standards of the Confederacy. He was given the rank of major general dating from the day of his victory, April 8, 1864.

An event of unique interest and significance to all descendants of the Confederacy occurred at Mansfield, La., on April 7, 1925. On this date the monument erected by the Louisiana Division U. D. C. to Maj. Gen. C. J. Polignac, C. S. A., was unveiled during the annual convention of this Division.

The members of General Polignac's family—his wife, the Princess de Polignac and his son, Prince Victor Mansfield Alfred de Polignac, who unveiled the monument—came from France to be present on this occasion. They were accompanied to Louisiana by Miss Mary Poppenheim, of Charleston, former President General, and by your present President General.

The Marquise de Courtrivon, daughter of General de Polignac, is President of the Paris, France, Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Cordially yours.

ALLEN WALKER HARROLD.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Chairman Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, asks that a correction be made in a statement given in the opening part of her report read at the Savannah convention, in which she said that the idea of the Highway originated with Miss Decca Lamar West. Miss West hastened to write to Mrs. Woodbury that the suggestion of this memorial originated with Mrs. Alexander B. White, and that Mrs. W. D. Lamar was the first chairman. Mrs. Woodbury hopes that this correction may be made also in a footnote in the Savannah Minutes.

* * *

The Father of our Country is not the only person born on February 22. Mrs. William Stillwell, Publicity Chairman for Arkansas, celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday on that date. Her interest and enthusiasm in U. D. C. work is an inspiration to women many years younger.

Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, has just organized a C. of C. Chapter, with more than one hundred members.

Mrs. George B. Gill has been appointed Division Chairman of the Children's Founder's Roll, with a chairman in each Chapter to cooperate with her in this life of mark for the Stone Mountain Memorial.

* * *

Mrs. Fowler, of Kentucky, reports great interest in the C. of C. Chapters on the part of the U. D. C. in Earlington and Paducah. At the January meeting of the Paducah Chapter addresses on Good Roads were made by Mrs. J. L. Woodbury and Col. Ben Weille, the Chapter promising co-operation. Earlington sent a Christmas box to the veterans at Pewee Valley, and will remember them again with an Easter box.

* * *

The entire general organization is interested in the following announcement from Mrs. Kolman, of Louisiana. We are delighted that a sister Division is to enjoy the honor and privilege of entertaining these distinguished guests from abroad:

"The monument erected to the memory of Major General de Polignac, who distinguished himself at the battle of Mansfield on April 8, 1864, when General Mouton was killed, and who sprang to the head of the troops and led them to victory, will be unveiled on Wednesday, April 8, at 3 P.M., on the battle field of Mansfield. Princess Camille de Polignac, widow of the hero of Mansfield, and her son, Victor Mansfield de Polignac, who was named after the historic Mansfield, will sail for America on March 14, and will reach Mansfield on

Tuesday, April 7, after a visit to Washington, New York, Richmond, and Charleston, S. C. They will be guests in the home of Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, who will accompany them to Mansfield. The monument will be unveiled by Victor Mansfield, and there will be a splendid program at the monument arranged by Mrs. S. A. Pegues, President of Kate Beard Chapter U. D. C., of Mansfield, and local chairman of the Monument Committee. Other members of the committee in America are Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, General Chairman, and the Louisiana Committee, Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Chairman, Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Mrs. Charles Granger, Mrs. Peter Yourree, Mrs. Arthur Weber, and Mrs. Pegues."

Again Louisiana Day, April 30, will be celebrated with a program in every school in the State, the State Superintendent and the Orleans Parish Superintendent cooperating in every way possible with the Chairman of Education, Mrs. F. C. Kolman.

* * *

Mrs. Power, of Maryland, sends the following notes from that Division:

Miss Georgia Bright, Director World War Memorial, reports \$1,900 in bank. This sum will probably be equally divided between the University of Maryland and the Johns Hopkins Hospital, for the benefit of the men of Confederate ancestry who will take up the study of medicine.

Mrs. J. P. White, Third Vice President of the Division, has accepted the State Directorship of the Children of Confederacy.

Maryland has sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. James R. Wheeler, an ardent lover of the Southland and gallant soldier of the Confederacy. He was president of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Home at Pikesville and held the same office for the Home for Confederate Women in Baltimore.

Two new Chapters have been organized, one in Baltimore to be called the James R. Wheeler, the other in Ellicott City, to be known by the name of Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry, the respective Presidents being Mrs. Adelbert W. Mears and Mrs. John Lawrence Clark.

The bust of General Robert E. Lee, after which those at Sandhurst and at St. Cyr are copied, belongs to Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, U. D. C., and was loaned by that Chapter. It is the only one ever made during the General's life.

Chaplain General Henry Marvin Wharton will take a prominent part in the exercises to be held on the 3rd of June. He will give the invocation and has also promised to sing "The Bonnie Blue flag."

* * *

The activities of Missouri Chapters are described by Mrs. McMahan, of Blackwater:

Margaret McLure Chapter, of St. Louis, held a ball for the educational fund in the Palm Room of Hotel Chace, which was a financial and social success. The grand march was led by Colonel Stone, U. S. A., commander of Jefferson Barracks, and Miss Phillippi, chairman of the ball.

The Daughters lost a true and tried friend in the death of General Holland, of Steedman, one of the heroes in Pickett's famous charge.

Mexico Chapter held a banquet at Moxsey Hotel in honor of Missouri Division Presidents and six Confederate veterans. This was attended by members of the Chapter and a large number of guests. A delightful program was rendered. This Chapter is doing wonderful work. For three years it has kept a scholarship in the "School of Ozarks," also given yearly subscriptions to the VETERAN to many libraries, and met all

obligations of Missouri Division. A breakfast was given recently by the five Kansas City Chapters complimentary to thirty Confederate veterans who attended, wearing their uniforms. Two hundred Daughters were there, several Division officers, and many visitors. Among the toasts given was one by General Pearson, Commander Missouri Division, U. C. V., "Veterans' Problems."

* * *

The February meeting of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Cincinnati, writes Mrs. Leon Rice, was given over to Southern literature, and proved a delightful occasion. Appropriate comment upon each of several outstanding Southern writers, a reading from "Meh Lady," by Page, and the reading of several of Sidney Lanier's poems, gave to the members an afternoon in the spirit of the Old South.

* * *

Mrs. C. A. Galbraith writes this month from Oklahoma: The General Forrest Chapter, of Muskogee, is encouraging the school children to write essays by offering prizes of money: \$5 in gold for the best on "Gen. R. E. Lee" in each of the two Junior High Schools, and \$2.50 in gold for the second best in each school.

* * *

Mrs. Farley, of Saluda, writes from South Carolina: The South Carolina Chapters very generally are strict in the observance of Red Letter Days. Practically every Chapter celebrated in some fitting way the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson, many serving dinners to veterans, their wives, and widows of veterans.

The Alice M. Dantzer Chapter, of St. Matthews, has presented a phonograph to the Confederate Home in Columbia, thereby affording many pleasant hours to the veterans in the Home.

The Edward Croft Chapter, of Aiken, has erected a handsome granite boulder on the Jefferson Davis Highway, which passes through their city. It was unveiled by four "girls of the sixties." The address of the occasion was made by Mrs. O. D. Black, President of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C.

The Division Director of Children of the Confederacy is intending to live up to our President's slogan, "A C. of C. Chapter for every Chapter U. D. C." She has organized the T. P. Rook Chapter, C. of C., at Ware Shoals, with fifty members, and has others under way.

During the recent session of the legislature, two Confederate flags were presented to the State of South Carolina, and given into the keeping of the U. D. C. The flag of the 10th Regiment was given by Gen. C. Irvin Walker, of Charleston, who commanded the 10th Regiment at the time of the surrender at Appomattox. Judge O. G. Thompson, of Laurens, presented the flag of the 3rd Regiment. Both houses of the legislature met in joint session, and very impressive ceremonies were held. The flags will be kept in the U. D. C. Confederate Relic Room in the State House in Columbia.

The South Carolina Division will welcome to its membership Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, of California, who has moved back to Newberry, her native home. She served the California Division in various offices until elected President of the Division, and also served the General U. D. C. as Registrar General.

* * *

Mrs. Farley, of Virginia, has sent to the department editor the printed program and an account in detail of the celebration commemorating the births of Generals Lee and Jackson, under the auspices of the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., and

R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, S. C. V., at the Strand Theater on the evening of the 19th of January. On this occasion nine Crosses of Honor were bestowed on Confederate veterans by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, President of the Richmond Chapter; and ten Crosses of Service were presented to World War Veterans of Confederate lineage. The address of the evening, "Life of Lee," was delivered by Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi, Governor Lee Trinkle introducing the speaker.

* * *

Miss Maria Vass Frye, of West Virginia, reports a general observance of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson throughout that Division, each Chapter having some especially interesting feature.

Charleston Chapter followed its program with a social hour in the assembly room of the Y. W. C. A.

Lawson Betts Chapter, of Charles Town, bestowed twenty-four Crosses of Service on World War veterans.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of Clarksburg, though the busiest Chapter in the State, as the members are preparing to entertain the Division convention, featured their program with many interesting stories of the South, related by Rev. J. T. Carter, a son of Old Virginia.

R. E. Lee Chapter, of Fairmount, followed its inspiring program with a delightful social hour.

The William Stanley Haymond Chapter, of Fairmount, gave a banquet at which the Confederate veterans were honor guests, many of whom gave interesting reminiscences.

Hedgesville Chapter had as the special feature of the program a questionnaire on the life of General Lee. A booklet on the life of Stonewall Jackson was read and proved unusually interesting. This booklet was given to the members of the Episcopal Conference recently held at Clarksburg, and is considered one of the best all-round sketches of the boyhood and life of Jackson.

Huntington Chapter gave a dinner at which eighteen veterans were guests of honor. A picture was made of them and appeared in the daily paper. At this dinner the Chapter announced its plans for its Chapter House, to be built in memory of its deceased members, who, with three exceptions, were women of the sixties.

Jackson-Lee Chapter, of Huntington, gave their annual turkey dinner to the veterans.

Berkeley Chapter, of Martinsburg, bestowed upon James S. Brumbaugh, of Shenandoah County, Va., a member of Berkeley Camp, a Southern Cross of Honor made from a Confederate cannon captured by the Union army and later given to the U. D. C. Three Crosses of Service were bestowed, fourteen having been given on Armistice Day.

The McNeill Chapter, of Keyser, in memory of Generals Lee and Jackson, presented \$5 in gold to the pupil in the high school writing the best essay on Stonewall Jackson.

Winnie Davis Chapter, of Moorefield, as a part of its celebration of the day, gave the school children an opportunity to vote for the four generals who were their choice for the central group on Stone Mountain, resulting in their selection of Stuart, the two Johnstons, and Beauregard. A talk was given on the four men as a part of the effort this Chapter is making to have true history taught to the children.

The Parkersburg Chapter gave a dinner at which the veterans of Camp Jenkins were the honor guests, followed by Southern songs and informal talks.

Nearly all of these Chapters have reported special attentions to the veterans at Christmas time—Christmas cards, baskets of fruit, etc.

Charleston Chapter supports a veteran with a monthly

check, and members of the Chapter cheer him with frequent visits.

Morgantown sent a generous box of good things to eat to the Home for Needy Confederate Women in Richmond and gave a subscription to the VETERAN to an old soldier.

McNeill Chapter has presented the Patomac State and Keyser High Schools with subscriptions to the VETERAN.

Jackson-Lee Chapter, of Huntington, and Camp Garnett have together subscribed for a Memorial Tablet at Stone Mountain.

Berkeley Chapter has been given some prized mementoes by Miss Estelle Blandell—a picture of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and a lock of his hair; also \$50 in Confederate money.

DIVISION DIRECTORS FOR VETERAN SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The following have been appointed by the President General to direct the work in the State Divisions for subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN:

- Mrs. R. D. Wright, Chairman, Newberry, S. C.
- Alabama.
- Arizona, Mrs. S. H. Kyle, 915 North Fifth Street, Phoenix.
- Arkansas, Mrs. Tee Abraham, Arkadelphia.
- California, Mrs. Lucille Gibson Pleasants, 1186 Crenshaw Boulevard, Los Angeles.
- Colorado, Mrs. B. L. Douglas, Green Tea Room Hotel, Denver.
- Florida, Mrs. E. D. Cason, 702 East Lime Street, Lakeland.
- Georgia, Mrs. R. L. Cater, Perry.
- Illinois, Mrs. Henry A. Oakley, 830 Leland Avenue, Chicago.
- Indiana, Miss E. M. Williams, 1135 Powell Avenue, Evansville.
- Kentucky, Mrs. Harry McCarty, Nicholasville.
- Louisiana, Mrs. F. C. Kolman, 2233 Brainerd Street, New Orleans.
- Maryland, Miss Anna B. Floyd, Frederick.
- Massachusetts, Mrs. O. W. Wiley, 20 Hawthorne Road, Wellesley Hills.
- Minnesota, Mrs. George W. Redmond, 3010 West River Road, Minneapolis.
- Mississippi, Mrs. Carrie Meek Sessums, Columbus.
- Missouri, Mrs. J. T. McMahan, Blackwater.
- Montana, Mrs. M. L. Gans, Helena.
- New Jersey, Mrs. Alice Graham, 389 North Maple Avenue, East Orange.
- New Mexico, Mrs. H. F. Jones, Portales.
- New York, Mrs. H. W. Tupman, 501 West One Hundred and Forty-Third Street, New York.
- North Carolina, Mrs. R. Philip Holt, Rocky Mount.
- North Dakota, Mrs. T. H. Hopper, Fargo.
- Ohio, Mrs. Albert Sidney Porter, 1204 St. Charles Street, Lakewood.
- Oklahoma, Mrs. C. A. Galbraith, 400 South Rennie Street, Ada.
- Oregon, Mrs. C. A. Painton, 524 East Sixteenth Street, North Portland.
- Pennsylvania, (Philadelphia Chapter) Mrs. Harvey D. Best, Fort-Ninth and Pine Streets, Pine Manor.
- Pennsylvania (Pittsburgh Chapter), Mrs. Heber Ker, Jr., 37 Euclid Avenue, Bellevue.
- Rhode Island, Mrs. Gerald Richmond, 185 Glen Avenue, Providence.
- South Carolina, Mrs. H. S. Farley, Saluda.

Tennessee, Mrs. Frank B. Kelso, Fayetteville.

Texas, Mrs. J. K. Bivins, Longview.

Utah, Mrs. W. H. Sandmesser, 1903 South Eleventh Street, Salt Lake City.

Virginia, Mrs. J. B. Stannard, 16 Westover Apartments, Norfolk.

Washington, Mrs. Kurt Schlus, 318 North J Street, Tacoma.

West Virginia, Mrs. F. J. Manning, Charles Town.

"WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES."

Spring is in the air. Somehow there's a contagious, happy, carefree spirit spreading itself throughout our little world. You feel like starting life anew. Let us jump into this jolly spring mood and rejuvenate our work by putting our shoulders to the wheel and carrying out the obligations assumed by the U. D. C. to distribute ten thousand copies of our book, "The Women of the South in War Times." I hope the work for the year is well under way. Several circular letters have been sent to the Directors from different sources. I trust all Directors are in vital touch with the Chapters of their Divisions, and that very soon orders will be coming in thick and fast.

Our most active season is up to the middle of June, and but very little is accomplished between July 1 and September 15. So don't delay! Prizes will be given, as heretofore, to the Director of the Division that goes "over the top" first, to the Director that distributes the greatest number of copies during the year, and to the Chapter distributing the greatest number copies, all with an original quota of two hundred or more. Also, a prize will be given to the Director that goes "over the top" second, with an original quota of two hundred or more.

Miss Emmeline Ruggles, Director for Massachusetts (Boston Chapter), is certainly to be congratulated. She had an original quota of ten, but took thirty-three copies extra last year, and now she has ordered ten more. Don't fail to remember the State conventions, and there let us boost our book. Boosting gives energy and life. Knocking takes energy and spirit.

Yours for coöperation.

MRS EDWIN ROBINSON, *Chairman.*

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *Historian General.*

U. D. C. STUDY FOR 1925.

PERIOD OF 1864 TO 1865.

May.

Tell of Sherman's unimpeded march to the sea.

Savannah, September, 1864.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY.

May.

General Turner Ashby.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON.....	<i>President General</i>
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....	<i>Historian General</i>
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Past Laureate General</i>
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....	<i>Auditor General</i>
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....	<i>Chaplain General</i>



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.....	Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....	Miss Jeanne D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....	Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....	Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....	Mrs. James H. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....	Miss I. B. Heyward
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....	Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....	Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Miss Phoebe Frazer, 653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.

CONVENTIONAL CALL.

The 1925 convention, C. S. M. A., is called to meet at Dallas, Tex., Hotel Adolphus, May 19, 20, 21, 22.

The welcome, or opening, meeting will be held in the City Auditorium at 4 P.M. on Tuesday, May 19, to which all U. C. V., S. C. V., and U. D. C. are cordially invited.

The usual reduced railroad rates will be given.

Elect your delegates early and plan to be at the opening meeting.

Adolphus Hotel is Official Headquarters. Make your reservations early.

Dallas is preparing a royal welcome to you.

Let us make extra efforts to show our appreciation by a large attendance.

Looking forward with pleasant anticipations to seeing you in Dallas,

Faithfully yours,

MRS. A. MCD. WILSON, *President General*.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Our sacred day of memories, our Memorial Day, approaches and may the spirits of our sainted mothers, to whose devotion we are indebted, lead us on to a greater fulfillment of the debt of honor and gratitude we owe our beloved heroes.

May the South awaken as never before to the realization of the heroism of our valiant soldiers, and as we heap chaplets of flowers upon their graves, may the younger generation have impressed upon them more deeply than ever, "the glory of the story of the men who wore the gray."

'Tis our privilege to carry on, and may we not be unmindful of our responsibilities to the younger generation, so that they may well learn the lesson of the most incomparable heroism of their sires.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle and Miss Phoebe Frazer, two of our most valued coworkers, have been spending the mid-winter season in Florida.

OLDEST LIVING CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

Doubtless the oldest living mother of a Confederate soldier is Mrs. Emeline Martin, of Gladesville, Wilson County,



MRS. EMELINE MARTIN.

Tenn., who has passed the hundredth milestone. Her son W. L. Martin, enlisted for the Confederacy in 1861, near Lebanon, Tenn., and served with Company H, 38th Tennessee Regiment, Walker's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Polk's Corps, and was a faithful and gallant soldier to the end in 1865. He died some time ago.

This picture and notes about Mrs. Martin were sent to the VETERAN by a good friend and long-time patron and representative, Comrade W. C. Brown, of Gainesville, Tex., who felt that Mrs. Martin should have due recognition as one of those brave Southern mothers who gave their sons for the defense of the Southland.

CONFEDERATE MUSEUM IN RICHMOND.

BY MRS. B. A. BLENNER, RICHMOND, VA.

February 22 marked the twenty-ninth anniversary of the opening of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, which took place on February 22, 1896, the anniversary of the date on which Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as President of the Confederacy at Richmond.

Since its formal opening the number of relics of the Confederacy at the Museum has grown to many thousands, while the number of annual visitors to the former home of Jefferson Davis has practically quadrupled during that period. There were approximately 20,000 in 1923 and 1924 together.

So rapid has been the growth of the contents of the Museum that it now constitutes the largest single collection of war relics in the United States. When the building was thrown open to the public in 1896, there was not a cent in the treasury and the interior of the house was absolutely bare, with the exception of one table and one chair.

It was in February, 1890, that Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President of the Hollywood Memorial Association, conceived the idea

of securing the White House of the Confederacy as a memorial to the Southern cause.

The building had been erected by Dr. John Brockenbrough in 1818, and he sold it to James M. Morson, the property later coming into the hands of James A. Seddon, who afterwards became Secretary of War in the Confederate government. Lewis D. Crenshaw was the next owner of the building, and he sold it to the city of Richmond for \$35,000. The city furnished it to the extent of \$8,000, and tendered it to President Davis when the Confederate capital was moved to Richmond, but he refused to accept the gift. The Confederate government then rented it for the "Executive Mansion" of the Confederate States, where Davis lived until the evacuation, April 3, 1865.

The United States military authorities occupied the building until 1870, when it was restored to the city. But for the efforts of the people of Richmond, assisted by friends in Washington, General Canby would have turned over the White House to the Freedman's Bureau for a negro normal school. In 1871 it was converted into a public school building, known as the Central School.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society was chartered May 31, 1890, for the purpose of securing the building as a memorial to the Confederacy, the organization growing out of the Hollywood Memorial Association.

The building was formally turned over to the ladies by the city authorities on June 3, 1894, the eighty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis. The house was restored in appearance, and was placed in the same state that it was when occupied by Mr. Davis, with the exception of the installation of steam heat and making the building fireproof.

Aside from the invaluable relics housed there, the White House of the Confederacy is intimately connected with many events of the War between the States, which makes the structure itself a priceless one. It was there that President Davis held important conferences with Generals Lee and Jackson, and the stone steps in front have been pressed with the feet of the greatest commanders and leaders of the Confederacy and soldiers from every State within its confines.

Mrs. Joseph Bryan was the first President of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, and served until 1911. Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel was President the following year, and Miss Sally Archer Anderson has served for the past twelve years. There have been only two House Regents, Miss Isabel Maury and Miss Susan B. Harrison, who is now in charge.

Of those who were in office in 1896, only Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss and Mrs. Kate P. Minor survive. Of the standing committees in that year, Mrs. Mary Maury Worth, Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss, and Mrs. A. W. Garber are still living.

Of the Advisory Board, Mr. E. D. Hotchkiss is the only survivor, and of the Vice Regents, Mesdames J. Taylor Ellyson, Norman V. Randolph, James H. Drake, and Miss Mattie Harris are still living and serving.

Officers of the Society for 1925 are:

President, Miss Sally Archer Anderson.

First Vice President, Mrs. Herbert W. Jackson.

Second Vice President, Miss Anna B. Boykin.

Third Vice President, Mrs. Henry C. Rely.

Honorary Vice President, Mrs. E. D. Hotchkiss.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. R. H. Lawrence.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. B. A. Blenner.

Treasurer, Mrs. J. Fenton Taylor.

The following are the Vice Regents: Mesdames J. H. Drake, Norman V. Randolph, J. Taylor Ellyson, William Ruffin Cox, E. M. Crutchfield, W. A. Harris, S. H. Yonge, W. R. Miller, M. H. Tilgham, T. A. Cary, Bradley S. John, J. A. Hodges,

Miss Lucy T. Munford, Miss Mattie P. Harris, Mrs. J. Fenton Taylor.

State Regents: Alabama, Mrs. J. A. Rountree; Arkansas, Mrs. W. A. Ramsay; Florida, Mrs. F. P. Hamilton; Georgia, Mrs. R. S. Nesbitt; Kentucky, Mrs. Kate E. Perry-Mosher; Louisiana, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson; Maryland, Miss Elizabeth G. McIlvaine; Mississippi, Mrs. Virginia R. Price; Missouri, Mrs. G. K. Warner; North Carolina, Mrs. Latta C. Johnston; South Carolina, Miss Alice Earle; Tennessee, —; Texas, Mrs. Oscar Barthold; Virginia, Mrs. Anne Carter Lee (Ed H.) Ely; solid South, Mrs. Varina Davis Hayes Webb.

Standing Committees: Mesdames J. N. Dunlap, P. J. White, J. Fenton Taylor, Charles E. Bolling, Misses Lucy T. Manford and Ann B. Boykin.

The Advisory Board is composed of Gen. Charles J. Anderson, Eppa Hunton, Jr., E. D. Hotchkiss, John Stewart Bryan, E. D. Taylor, Henry T. Wickham, Charles E. Bolling, Herbert W. Jackson, and E. V. Valentine.

Chaplain, Rev. Joseph B. Dunn.

WHERE THE EIGHTH MISSOURI SURRENDERED.

BY R. B. COLEMAN, M^{AL}ESTER, OKLA.

On page 107 of the VETERAN for March, in a notice of the death of Capt. James McClure, late captain of Company E, 8th Missouri Infantry, it is stated that he surrendered at Baton Rouge, La., which is an error.

I was a private of Company D, of this magnificent regiment, from its organization, July 17, 1862, after the battle of Elk Horn Tavern, or Pea Ridge, Ark., until its final surrender, May 26, 1865, at New Orleans, La., as attested by the following from the Official Records at Washington:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, 1904.

"It is shown by the records that Richard B. Coleman, Company D, 8th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., was surrendered at New Orleans, La., by Gen. E. K. Smith, C. S. A., to Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., May 26, 1865, and was paroled at Alexandria, La., June 7, 1865.

"By authority of the War Department, Secretary of War. F. C. AINSWORTH, Chief of Record and Pension Office."

The whole regiment was encamped at Shreveport, La., at the time of the surrender at New Orleans, and Captain McClure was there with us on that memorable day when we were loaded on a transport and shipped to Alexandria, La., during the night. Arriving there about 9 A.M. the next day, June 7, The 8th Missouri Infantry was commanded by Col. Charles S. Mitchell, of Waverly, Mo., and John W. Smiser, of St. Louis, was lieutenant colonel; John Hill and Charles Welchman, both of St. Louis, were major and adjutant, respectively. I belonged to Company D. Capt. E. A. Pinnell; James Smith, first lieutenant; Thomas Dodson, second lieutenant; Henry Shepard, third lieutenant; Jesse Williams was orderly sergeant, and Jesse Brown, color bearer of the regiment, and belonged to Company D.

After the battle of Pea Ridge, General Price selected the flower of the Missouri army, especially the infantry, and took them across the Mississippi River to assist in the battle of Corinth, Miss. There was too much cavalry and too little infantry left, and the 6th, 7th, and 8th Battalions of State Guards (cavalry) were dismounted and organized into the 8th Missouri Infantry, and from that time to the close of the war I was with that regiment. I have the muster roll of company D showing the regimental organization and giving the name,

(Continued on page 158).

Sons of Confederate Veterans

GENERAL OFFICERS

D. S. ETHERIDGE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Commander in Chief*
 WALTER L. HOPKINS, Richmond, Va. *Adjutant in Chief*
 ARTHUR H. JENNINGS, Lynchburg, Va. *Historian in Chief*
 GEORGE A. MACON, Memphis, Tenn. *Quartermaster in Chief*
 JAMES S. DAVENPORT, Vinita, Okla. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
 JOHN M. WITT, Tupelo, Miss. *Inspector in Chief*
 JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee, Fla. *Commissary in Chief*
 DR. WILLIAM F. HUBBERT, Dallas, Tex. *Surgeon in Chief*
 REV. B. A. OWENS, Lathrop, Mo. *Chaplain in Chief*

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D. S. ETHERIDGE, *Chairman*, Chattanooga, Tenn.
 N. B. FOREST, Atlanta, Ga.
 DR. W. C. GALLOWAY, Wilmington, N. C.
 LUCIUS L. MOSS, Lake Charles, La.
 JUDGE EDGAR SCURRY, Wichita Falls, Tex.
 JESSE ANTHONY, Washington, D. C.
 L. A. MORTON, Duncan, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS

ALABAMA—Fort Payne, Dr. W. E. Quinn
 ARKANSAS—Little Rock, E. R. Wiles
 D. C. and MARYLAND—Washington, John A. Chumbley
 EASTERN DIVISION—New York, Silas W. Fry
 FLORIDA—Tampa, S. L. Lowry
 GEORGIA—Atlanta, John Ashley Jones
 KENTUCKY—Bowling Green, Malcolm H. Crump
 LOUISIANA—Baton Rouge, J. St. Clair Favrot
 MISSOURI—St. Louis, Charles A. Moreno
 MISSISSIPPI—Oxford, Judge T. C. Kimbrough
 NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville, C. M. Brown
 OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City, J. E. Jones
 SOUTH CAROLINA—Newberry, John M. Kinard
 TENNESSEE—Memphis, J. L. Highaw
 TEXAS—Austin, Lon A. Smith
 VIRGINIA—Montvale, R. A. Gilliam
 WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington, G. W. Sidebottom



All communication for this department should be sent direct to Arthur H. Jennings, Editor, Lynchburg, Va.

GENERAL NEWS AND COMMENT.

THE REUNION.

The S. C. V. and all other Confederate organizations will soon be wending their way Dallas-ward. To the Sons this promises to be a meeting of rare importance. Matters relating to the policies of the organization and the manner of its future guidance will doubtless be to the fore. We can only hope that patience and wisdom and due conservatism will guide the deliberations of our body. Let all remember that Adjutant in Chief Walter L. Hopkins will from now on be at Dallas located at the S. C. V. headquarters at the Adolphus Hotel, where he will be glad to be of assistance to you in your plan making. But do not bother him with nonessentials. He is a busy man.

STATE FLAGS.

The *Washington Post* says: "It takes a presidential inauguration, wholly a national affair, to remind one that States have flags. So little are they in use nowadays that a great many people are perplexed when they appear, and vaguely assume they are gotten up for the occasion. Yet many have an eventful history antedating that of the Stars and Stripes. Through the Revolution the banners of the thirteen States stood for what sovereignty there was. The flag adopted by the Continental Congress to be used as a unifying symbol was a remote thing. On the other hand, the New England pine, or the Southern rattlesnake, or even Col. William Washington's piece of red damask, cut by his fiancée from her best upholstered chair, meant home and loyalty and freedom."

This is all so true. Of course there are some thirty-five States that have no Revolutionary history, and most of the States are mere creatures of the national government made by that government. They did not make themselves nor help form, in the beginning, the national government itself. It is true that the majority of States have no background, no history, to compare, for example, with the history of Virginia, Massachusetts, and South Carolina. Hence their State flags mean little or nothing to them. But the palmetto flag of South Carolina and the "Sic Semper Tyrannis" of Virginia do, or should, mean much in those States, and so with many other of the older States. Massachusetts, it may be possible, has been so favored by the national government in the matter of floods of pension money and tariff laws that work to her advantage, and always have, that she may have lost her State pride largely, or sunk it in a feeling of nationalism. It would surely seem well that under this eternal pressure to absorb the States into the national government we should turn to these symbols of local pride and have them more in evidence. Speak-

ing as a Virginian (and echoing what must be the feeling in the hearts of natives of many other States), the editor can but regret that our State flag is never or is rarely seen by our children; perhaps a majority of them do not know the flag at all. It would seem that at least it should show over our school-houses, which are State institutions and supported by State taxes.

FROM MR. HOPKINS AND MR. ARTHUR.

Adjutant in Chief Hopkins writes: "Mr. J. W. L. Arthur, of Asheville, N. C., who has the distinction of being a Confederate veteran and a Son of a Confederate veteran, has succeeded in organizing twenty Camps of S. C. V. in North Carolina since the reunion in Memphis in June of the past year. If Mr. Arthur continues his good work, there is no doubt that the North Carolina Division, S. C. V. will win the Division honor flag. If there were a dozen men in the organization like Mr. Arthur the S. C. V. would have a membership of 100,000 in a few years."

Mr. Arthur writes: "I have signed up 230 names for one Camp, that is, Thomas D. Johnston Camp, of Asheville, and have organized eighteen camps with 340 members.

HEADQUARTERS TEXAS DIVISION, S. C. V.

AUSTIN, TEX., February 23, 1925.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

To be read before all camps in the Texas Division.

1. By virtue of authority vested in me as Commander of the Texas Division, I hereby appoint the following to be members of my official staff:

To Be Division Judge Advocate.—R. R. Chitwood, Sweetwater, Tex.

To Be Division Inspector.—John W. Hornsby, Austin, Tex.

To Be Division Surgeon.—Dr. C. W. Fullbright, Fort Arthur, Tex.

To Be Division Commissary Officer.—E. K. Marrast, Galveston, Tex.

To Be Division Quartermaster.—O. M. Stone, Jasper, Tex.

To Be Division Historian.—J. Felton Lane, Hearne, Tex.

To Be Division Color Bearer.—Justin Stein, Dallas, Tex.

2. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

S. C. V. NEWS FROM TEXAS.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 3.

To be read before all camps of the Texas Division.

1. By virtue of authority vested in me as Commander of the Texas Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, I hereby appoint the following to be members of the Division Staff:

To Be Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, H. S. Brashear, Texarkana, Tex.
Fourth Brigade, W. J. Rhea, McKinney, Tex.
Sixth Brigade, W. C. Davis, Bryan, Tex.
Ninth Brigade, W. L. Dean, Huntsville, Tex.
Eleventh Brigade, W. W. Bouldin, Bay City, Tex.
Eleventh Brigade, R. B. Harrison, Waco, Tex.
Tenth Brigade, D. F. Wade, Lexington, Tex.
Fourteenth Brigade, H. V. Henderson, San Antonio, Tex.
Fifteenth Brigade, W. R. Jones, Brownsville, Tex.
Sixteenth Brigade, John E. Quaid, El Paso, Tex.
By order of: LON A. SMITH,
Commander Texas Division.

Official:

ELGIN H. BLALOCK,
Adjutant and Chief of Staff, Texas Division.

Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, S. C. V., of Houston Tex., reported as a good lot of S. C. V., workers, elected the following officers at their meeting held early this year.

Commander, Dr. G. D. Parker.
First Lieutenant Commander, Judge Whit Boyd.
Second Lieutenant Commander, W. H. Simmons.
Adjutant, Capt. L. Lee Adams.
Judge Advocate, Capt. Jesse E. Moseley.
Treasurer, Hon. William S. Patton.
Chaplain, Rev. Dr. A. Frank Smith.
Surgeon, Dr. E. Clinton Murray.
Color Bearer, Col. Robert F. Spearman.
Historian, Judge Kenneth Kahl.
Sergeant at Arms, C. E. Gilbert.
Quartermaster, J. W. Wilkinson.

GETTING HISTORY STRAIGHT.

The following letter from Commander Love, of the Confederate Veteran Camp of Columbus, Miss., is worthy of attention. I quote it below in full:

COLUMBUS, Miss., February 10, 1925.

"Mr. Arthur H. Jennings, Historian in Chief, Lynchburg, Va.

"My Dear Kinsman and Comrade: I have been an interested reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN since its inception in 1893, but am only now beginning to appreciate the value of the Sons Department as relates to its usefulness and perpetuity.

"Noting your remarks under the caption 'Do you Think So?' in the February number, wherein some statements of General Grant's son Jesse are quoted, I am directing attention to conflicting reminiscences of the war period in Mississippi.

"In January number of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Grant says: 'My earliest recollection of the war is the escape of mother and myself from Holly Springs, Miss. We had been left there while father was engaged at some other point. I remember now as though it was yesterday, the young officer coming to tell us that the enemy was close upon the town, and the confusion of our hurried departure at night in a box car. I can see the dim shadowy interior of that empty box car, with mother sitting quietly upon a chair, while I huddled, fearful, upon a hastily improvised bed on the floor as an engine drew us rapidly away. And then I must have fallen asleep, for I remember no more.'

"So far, so good; but hear the other side.

"In Volume IV, publication of the Mississippi Historical Society, Dr. J. G. Deupree, a member of Company G, 1st Regiment, Mississippi Cavalry, describes minutely the capture of Holly Springs, Miss., December 20, 1862. He was a partici-

pant, and knew his subject, and makes a valuable contribution to Southern war history. Written almost a quarter of a century ago, it is as true to-day as then, another statement to the contrary.

"Says Dr. Deupree: 'Mrs. U. S. Grant was in the city, residing in the stately mansion of the late Harvey W. Walter. Of course, she was undisturbed, and none of her personal property was touched. In consideration of the courtesy shown his wife, General Grant gave this house a safeguard and guarantee during the war against search or trespass or devastation by the Federals, parties that might afterwards have occasion to be in Holly Springs. Several times after the Federals had given up the permanent occupation of the place, our scouts, closely pursued, took refuge in that asylum. As a consequence of Grant's guarantee, this house was spared while many others were burned, and it stands as a monument of Grant's appreciation of Southern chivalry.

"As a Mississippian, and having perfect knowledge of Dr. Deupree's truthfulness and patriotism, I would be remiss in duty were I not to place this before the young people of the South.

"Very truly yours,

W. A. LOVE,
Commander Camp No. 27, U. C. V."

THE NEW YORK CAMP, S. C. V.

In sending some subscription orders, David W. Timberlake, of the New York Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, writes: "It may be of interest to know that our Camp, although only about three years old, has now a membership of two hundred, and growing rapidly. We hope to equal the record of Past Commander Fry's year by doubling that.

"Any word that you can pass along among the 'home folks' who may have friends or relatives in our city, or among those who anticipate coming 'up North,' we will certainly appreciate. And any 'Sons' who come to New York are extended a cordial invitation to visit our Camp the second Friday of each month at Hotel McAlpin."

TWO OF THE THREE.

Guy E. Mauldin, of Washington, D. C., writes:

"Referring to March VETERAN, page 116, I read with interest all of 'What the editor thinks,' pages 74 and 75, February number. As a member of Washington Camp No. 305, I present my compliments to Mr. Bolling and would like to know who is the remaining thirty-three and a third per cent. My name has been on the subscription list continuously from 1897, and I have a copy of each issue since that time. Perhaps this makes me the *dozen* of S. C. V. subscribers."

GRANT'S WORST BATTLE.

W. A. Everman, of Greenville, Miss., sends this in corroboration of the statements by Sam H. Pollard in the VETERAN for March, page 117, as to the most successful and unsuccessful battle of Lee and Grant:

"If one wants to know how badly Grant was whipped in the Wilderness battle, he should read from 'The Life of John A. Rawlins,' by General Wilson, page 216. He says that at the close of the second day's fighting, Grant withdrew to his tent and, throwing himself face down on his cot, instead of going to sleep, gave vent to his feelings in a way which left no doubt that he was deeply worried.

"When and where does history show a worse-whipped general than Grant was? Gen. Morris Schaff, of the Army of the Potomac, in his 'Battle of the Wilderness,' page 327, confirms General Wilson's story."

WHERE THE EIGHTH MISSOURI SURRENDERED.

(Continued from page 155.)

rank, and description of the members at the time of organization, and a list of those who were surrendered at New Orleans, May 23, 1865, as follows:

E. A. Pinnell, captain; James Smith, first lieutenant; Thomas Dodson, second lieutenant; W. H. Tabor, Jesse Williams, Jesse Brown, L. L. Lawson, Nathan Brown, sergeants; Joe Cantly, Joe Brown, Zase Lofton, John Penick, corporals; Privates Coleman, Connelly, Doyle, Furry, Godman, Goodman, Hance, Hanley, Hall, Jones, Johnson, Karnes, Layfield, Lee, Lofton, Matlock, McAlister, Massie, Pierce, Penick, Prewitt, Paxton, Reagan, Shepard, Sneed, Williams, Williams, Wolsey, Winn, Watson, Witt.

There was also an error in the notice referred to in the list of battles participated in by Captain McClure. There was no infantry in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., fought December 8, 1862, that being a cavalry engagement altogether.

I am one of the first subscribers to the *VETERAN*, and have attended every general reunion except that at Charleston, and would have been there but for being water bound. I should like to hear from any member of old Company D, 8th Missouri Infantry, or any of Company F, 5th Missouri Cavalry.

IN THE MISSOURI INFANTRY.

In renewing his subscription to the *VETERAN*, Capt. Joseph Boyce, of St. Louis, Mo., who commanded Company D (St. Louis Grays), 1st Missouri Infantry, C. S. A., wrote:

"I have been a subscriber to this most interesting, valuable, and historic publication since its first number, and my volumes are handsomely bound and annually presented by me to the Missouri Historical Society of this city. They are a treasure highly appreciated and frequently referred to by many who need information of their relatives who served in the Confederate army.

"We can never forget the conflicts in which we were engaged—Shiloh and Baton Rouge campaign under General Breckinridge; Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, and the siege of Vicksburg; and, after its surrender and our exchange at Demopolis, Ala., we were marched to Rome, Ga., and joined Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Kingston, where our forces were resisting Sherman's advance; in the Georgia campaign, fighting, skirmishing daily, until we were finally forced to abandon Atlanta; then in the battles of Tilton and Allatoona, on our way to Tennessee under General Hood, where we fought the awful battle of Franklin, a disaster to our army which almost caused its disorganization; then our fighting at great odds the battle at Fort Blakely, near Mobile; and after a week of every-day fighting, our surrender to overwhelming numbers on the 9th of April. We later learned it was the same day that General Lee surrendered, and it was some satisfaction to know that we were in the service as long as the Army of Virginia. After our removal to Jackson, Miss., we were paroled, disbanded, and started for our homes in Missouri."

ERROR IN NAME.—C. G. Rives, of Shreveport, La., calls attention to an error in the initials of Professor Looney as writer of the poem, "Tributes to General Lee," published in the February *VETERAN*, which should have been M. H. instead of J. M. Looney. Of his old friend and school-teacher, Mr. Rives says: "In the fall of 1868, I, a boy of twelve, started to school at Gilmer, Upshur County, Tex., to Pro-

fessor Morgan H. Looney, and was there until the close of the school in June, 1870. I have taken the liberty of correcting this error, which those of us who had the pleasure and pride of attending that wonderful school feel is but justice to that brilliant man, Morgan Looney."

OLD BOOK STOCK.

In the following list will be found some books specially priced for this offer, as the *VETERAN* is clearing out stock on hand. Just a few have bindings somewhat injured, but the reading matter of all is in good condition, and those interested will find these prices attractive:

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J. N. Thompson, of Tuscumbia, Ala., wants to correspond with anyone having extra copies of the **VETERAN** for sale or exchange, to fill out volumes from 1897 to 1925.

Capt. Fred G. Wilhelm, Adjutant U. C. W. Camp, Apalachicola, Fla., has copies of the **VETERAN** from 1911 to 1924 for sale, all in good condition. Some volumes are complete. Write him.

A BOOK FOR THE FAMILY.—J. W. Lokey, Byars, Okla., writes: "I received the copy of 'Women of the South in War Times,' and have read it through. Can only wish that a copy of it was in every family of the South.

Inquiry comes from Mrs. Lelia G. McCanby, 1115 Hemphill Street, Fort Worth, Tex., in behalf of Samuel Tidwell, of Dixon County, Tenn., who served with Confederate Scouts under Capt. (afterwards colonel) Duval McNary. He is now trying to get a pension and wants to hear from any old comrades of the Confederate service.

J. V. Cunningham, of Blue Grove, Tex., Box 142, would like to hear from some old comrades or friends of the Confederate service. He was a sharpshooter, a member of Company C, 22nd Virginia Infantry, Capt. H. B. Dickson, Colonel Patton commanding. He was with Early in the Valley in 1864, and with Lee around Richmond.

Charles H. Barnett, of Clarita, Okla., is trying to get a pension, and needs to hear from some old comrades who can testify to his service as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted in Company E, 23rd Mississippi Regiment (Mounted Infantry), and served in Bell's Brigade; was in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and under General Forrest elsewhere. He is now seventy-eight years old and almost helpless.

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J. W. Smithwick, of Manson, N. C., wants copies of the old songs, "Bonaparte Crossing the Alps" and "Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow," the words alone, if no more can be furnished.

"I see the **VETERAN** regularly, and lay everything else down for it. Let the good work go on," writes C. N. Mallet, of Curry, Ala., who served with Company I, 15th Alabama Regiment, A. N. V.

W. P. Strickland, of Collinsville, Tex., says: "I can't do without the **VETERAN**. I am Southern to the core and have never surrendered. May the **VETERAN** and its editor live on and on for the good that has been and is being done for the Old South to-day."

Mrs. Gid Porter, of Rutherford, Tenn., wants to hear from anyone who knew her husband, J. G. (Gid) Porter as a soldier. He enlisted at Rutherford or Kenton, Tenn., in the 12th Tennessee Infantry, and served through the war, driving a six-mule team part or most of the time.

Mrs. Annie Cleves Norwood, Lenoir City, Tenn., is seeking information on the service of her father, Stephen S. Myers, as a Confederate soldier. He was just a boy and joined Mosby's command for the last three months of the war. His brothers, Thomas and William Myers, were soldiers of the Confederacy.

In sending order for the **VETERAN** to go to Hampden-Sidney College, at Hampden-Sidney, Va., Judge Daniel Grinnan, of Richmond, Va., says: "In 1861, the whole college, with the president, went into the Confederate army. They were captured at Rich Mountain, West Va., and sent back home by General McClellan, who was a gentleman."

Any surviving comrade who served with "Willie" Isom, Company H, 8th Mississippi Cavalry, later Company L, 28th Mississippi, is asked to communicate with Mrs. Lizzie Rook Galaway, 930 Johnson Street, Alexandria, La. Willie was sent to take the place of his father, J. A. Isom. She also wants to learn of J. Rook, who served in same company. Both were from Marshall County, Miss.

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Mrs. J. H. Rogers, Griffin, Ga., wants some information on the war service of W. L. Brown, from Carrollton, Ga.

Charles K. Lee, Peyton Building, Spokane, Wash., wishes to get in communication with any old comrades or friends of his father, Thomas Jefferson Lee, who can give some information of his war record; thinks he enlisted in the 3rd Missouri Cavalry. After the war, he located at Plattsburg, Clinton County, Mo., married there, and in the late seventies removed to Denver, Colo., where he died some years ago. It is thought the family was originally from Virginia, and he had lived in Tennessee and Kentucky before going to Missouri.

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The Editor in Chief, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, writing in behalf of the Editorial Board and three hundred contributors, says:

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